JOHN BULL, week ending Oct. 3, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXII. 1894

3D EVERY THURSDAY

WANTED A 5-YEAR WORLD PLAN By The Editor

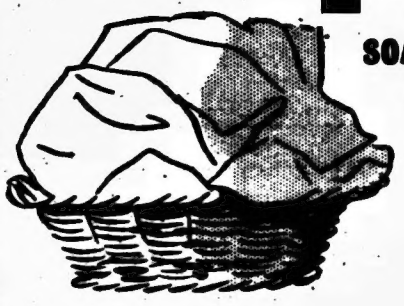
GUINEAS FOR READERS' LETTERS

THE OTHER HALF OF THE WAR by A. G. G.

Your soap ration will go twice as far with

MAZO

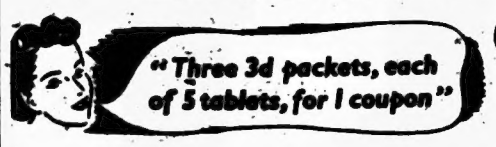
SOAP ENERGIZING TABLETS



Here is positive proof that Mazo doubles the lather and cleansing energy of soap. Compare the test-tubes containing the same amount of soap, and see how Mazo in test-tube No. 1 increases the quantity of lather.

THINK what this means! With Mazo your soap ration goes twice as far and your work is easier. Simply crumble Mazo tablets into the water before the soap is added. You'll be amazed at the masses of richly energized suds you get. Suds which save work because of their extra cleansing power. Suds that care gently for even the most delicate garment. Get Mazo today—it's so safe, so wonderfully efficient.

add MAZO to get extra cleansing energy from soap



MZ 85-841

SELLING AGENTS: T. H. HARRIS & SONS LTD., STRATFORD, E.15

Here's a food that's STILL LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE COCOA

THE 5-STAR

THE 5 STARS—

- ★ EXTRA FOOD VALUE
- ★ IRON—THE BLOOD ENRICHER
- ★ PHOSPHATES—FOR HEALTHY GROWTH
- ★ AID TO DIGESTION
- ★ VITAMIN B—VITAL TO HEALTH

5D PER QTR. LB.

Here's to our good health

There are plenty of things to eat but they are not equally nourishing—and nourishment is what children most need. Weetabix—only two 'points' for the small packet—is sheer nourishment down to the last crumb. It is made of the whole wheat grain, contains all the goodness of wheat and all the invaluable vitamins and mineral salts so richly found in wheat. So place Weetabix first on your monthly 'points' list and watch with delight how it builds up their strength.

Weetabix can be eaten dry, or with milk, soft fruits or with anything in the larder.

Weetabix

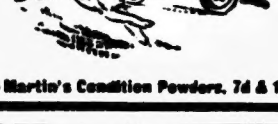
MORE than a Breakfast Food

SMALL SIZE 2 POINTS 7½P
LARGE SIZE 4 POINTS 14P

Weetabix Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants.

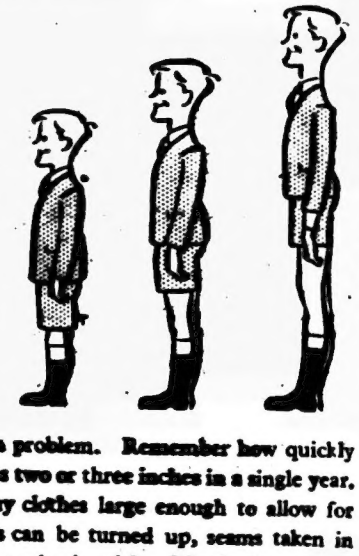
WX10

Despite wartime handicaps your dog will always be healthy and happy if you give him his regular Bob Martin's.

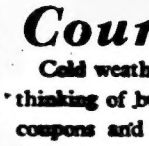


Bob Martin's Condition Powders. 7d & 1/1½

How they grow!



Children's clothes are a problem. Remember how quickly children grow—as much as two or three inches in a single year. The great thing is to buy clothes large enough to allow for growing. Hems and cuffs can be turned up, seams taken in and buttons shifted over to begin with. That's the way to save coupons and money.



Warn the children not to spoil their shoes by putting them by the fire or radiator to dry.

Count your Coupons

Cold weather is only a few weeks ahead, so when you are thinking of buying clothes or a piece of material, count your coupons and think of the warm things you will need. Perhaps you can "make do" for now with the clothes you have. Once your coupons are gone they're gone.

BOARD OF TRADE

ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

The British Breakfast

HARD workers need *good* breakfasts. With longer hours, harder work, colder days, we've got to revive the substantial breakfast. Let *potatoes* swell the bacon ration, or double the size of a dried egg dish, all at the cost of a few pence. You needn't get up any earlier if you cook extra potatoes the day before. Potatoes give you the *extra* energy you need for your war-time job, and help to keep you *fighting* fit.

POTATO PANCAKE

Ingredients: 1 lb. cooked potatoes, ½ lb. sausage meat, 1 dessertspoonful mixed herbs and 1 dessertspoonful mint and parsley chopped together, salt, pepper, milk, ½ oz. dripping. **Quantity:** Four helpings. **Method:** Mash the potato with the sausage meat, add seasoning and milk to make a soft mixture. Heat dripping and spread potato mixture to cover the bottom of the pan. Fry till brown and crisp.

★ **Request of the week**

Milk bottles are short, so be sure to return your empties to your roundsman every day.

SUGGESTIONS FOR BREAKFAST

SUNDAY:
Bacon and Fried Potatoes.
MONDAY:
Irish Potato Omelet.
TUESDAY:
Potato Cutlets.
WEDNESDAY:
Potato Pancake.
THURSDAY:
Potato Fadge and Bacon.
FRIDAY:
Fish and Potato Pie.
SATURDAY:
Potato Fritters and Sausages.

Potato Cutlets

Scrub 1½ lb. potatoes, scrape ½ lb. carrots and boil together until tender. Peel potatoes and mash thoroughly with carrots. Season with salt and pepper and then shape into cutlets. Next morning fry on both sides until brown in a very little hot fat.

FOOD FACTS NO. 116. THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.

TAKE CARE OF HEALTH

One size only, 8 ozs. 1/10½d. including purchase tax

(24)

The production of wine in this country is no new industry. As long ago as the 8th century good British wine was being produced by the Monasteries of East Anglia, in fact throughout the pages of history there are frequent references to the making of wine here in England. The British wines of to-day—so widely known as V.P.—have the added advantage of being produced from grapes ripened in Empire vineyards under sunnier skies than our own. Naturally enough in these times supplies are scarce and every bottle is more than ordinarily precious but it can still be obtained.

POINT BRAND WINES

British wines made from finest Empire grapes have been fermented and matured in the wood at the Vine Products vineyard in Surrey, since the early days of the century. The British wines bottled by VINE PRODUCTS include V.P. RICH RUBY; V.P. SWEET WHITE, V.P. BRITISH SHERRY; —all at 5/6 a bottle.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, October 3, 1942, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

INTO BATTLE

BERLIN boasted that Stalingrad would be taken by August 25.

Now, in October, its flames are fanned by the cold winds from the steppes, there are hills of German dead in the shell-torn streets, and the Russians fight on until they drop in the mud from wounds or exhaustion.

Stalingrad takes its place in fame with Leningrad and Madrid.

Hard Living

Nor is it very pleasant in Moscow, Voronezh, and other cities where the Russians are still free.

No coal for the domestic grate. No electricity. Not much food. No new warm clothes.

And nearly every family has been bereaved.

Soft Words

There is no consolation for them in the egregious British propaganda recently published in Moscow. Our policy should be to impart full information about our growing war effort.

They will not be comforted by lyrical descriptions of sleepy English villages, for so many of their own villages are being battered into heaps of dust.

They who are flinging themselves against the Nazi tanks do not need any inspiration from outside sources though they may be hungry for facts.

Tell the Facts

Yet there is a need for British propaganda in Russia.

Not for the fatuous, guide-book drivel produced by officials who have never seen the inside of a newspaper office, who do not know that many Russians wonder why we have not yet opened a Second Front in Europe.

But for the plain facts of our aid to Russia and our tremendous commitments elsewhere.

Those Convoys

We know the enemy was wrong in claiming to have smashed last week's convoy. But no doubt the enemy was right in claiming that the convoy carried supplies sufficient for a whole Soviet Army.

Our convoys have sustained many Soviet armies.

Rain of Bombs

The Russian people have not been told how vast are our shipments to their shores. Even now they do not know how heavy is the rain of bombs that the R.A.F. hurls down on German war factories and docks.

They should be told also how great are our tasks in India and the Middle East.

Above all, they must be assured that very soon we shall be waging total war.

Ready for Action

We shall not be inactive this winter. We have piled up a huge store of arms. We have worked harder than any other nation; for all our slow start and numerous mistakes our war production has been prodigious.

And at last we are ready to move into battle. Soon, perhaps very soon, we must open the attack.

Hitler is Fishing

Where will it begin? The enemy is anxious to find out. He is fishing for information; he is circulating rumours among the Occupied peoples in the hope that we shall swallow the bait.

We should not oblige him. We should warn our Servicemen—particularly junior officers—to talk less freely in public.

Going East

No doubt the enemy is also interested in the stream of British and American 'planes that flows from Gibraltar.

Certainly it is plain that the present stalemate in Egypt will not continue indefinitely. Rommel cannot afford it. Nor can we.

At all costs we must clear Egypt and Libya. We must neutralise the coast and ports beyond Tripoli. We must sweep clean the whole of the Mediterranean—and expose Italy and the Balkans.

Big Demands

Yes, at all costs. And we must reckon that the costs would be heavy.

We shall need not merely to sustain our great production of machines and weapons, but to increase it. We shall need to be ready not only to force a military success, but to exploit the success to the full extent of our power.

Plan to Win!

But success depends not only on the draughtsman's drawing-board, the engineer's lathe and the valour of the fighting man. Ultimately it depends on perfection of strategic planning.

And here we find the worst flaw in the organisation of the United Nations.

It's a Long Time

Russia was invaded late in June, 1941. One year and three months later our military plans have yet to be synchronised with those of our ally.

The Three-Power Conference ended a year ago. There is still no inter-allied military staff.

The U.S.A. entered the war early in December, 1941. In the ten months that have elapsed since then we have not secured perfect harmony between British and American production.

Urgent Need

Yet this war cannot be won without close and continual co-operation between all the United Nations—by co-ordination of military plans, industrial production and propaganda.

More than ever is it imperative now that the U.S. is building up great army and air forces in this country, we ourselves are ready for action, and the astonishing Chinese are throwing out a hundred thousand Japanese.

Turkey in Peril

It is urgently necessary, also, because a desperate Germany will strive to strain us to the utmost during the coming months.

Her immense fortifications in Russia are designed to allow the Reichswehr to be used elsewhere in winter.

Turkey is in obvious peril.

Rough Seas

Winter will hamper the U-boats. It will not efface them. And the Nazi bombers will return to western Europe and the shipping lanes of the Atlantic.

Hitler will make his supreme effort to blockade us. He cannot starve us; our bumper harvest, the fact that we produce three-quarters of the food we consume, will at least save us from hunger.

But he can gravely jeopardise our imports of materials for war production.

COAL

● Of course the coal shortage is grave! Supplies are lower than requirements by thirteen million tons a year—about 250,000 tons a week.

And unless we can make up that difference, some war factories may have to close down this winter.

Thirteen million tons. It can't all be saved by the small consumer; nor could it be mined by the 30,000 mineworkers now in the Forces, even if they could be released.

But ten million tons a year can be obtained from outcrop seams—the coal just below the surface.

It doesn't call for skilled hewers. Any man can operate the giant grabs that scoop it up.

With their aid, the unskilled man can produce 30 tons a day. Whereas the skilled hewer working underground raises not quite a ton a day on average.

And what about the pits?

They need better management, more men. It is sensible to allow youths of eighteen to volunteer for mining when called for national service—but the skilled hewers who left the mines for the factories are urgently wanted back.

We must not only produce more coal but save more. We should ration fuel—and not only to the private consumer. Industry must be more economical.

Major Lloyd George should not talk so much of "shortage." He should end it.

All-Out

So our resources will be strained and we must therefore improve our efficiency.

We cannot do so unless our leaders get tough, unless they end the muddles they have so long tolerated, unless they become as realistic as the public that so often has had to force them to take realistic action.

Where's the Realism!

Ministers show no realism in delaying the introduction of a simple fuel-rationing scheme for fear of a few noisy Diehards.

No realism, either, in building slow merchant ships that the vested interests prefer for economical running in peace time.

Nor in denying petrol to business men, but granting it to wealthy folk who go "shootin' and fishin'.

Bigger Questions

Rather than concerning themselves with the size of women's heels and the design of new badges, our Ministers would be better employed in settling problems more closely concerned with the war.

There is the need for closer understanding between the Army and the R.A.F.

Getting Together

Our generals and colonels should be made to undergo a period of experience and training with the air arm on which they will increasingly depend.

Just as Home Guard and Civil Defence have now been wisely instructed to help each other out in common task.

There must be better co-ordination in the supply of labour. In Coventry, 1,000 skilled engineers are asked to volunteer as labourers to break a labour bottleneck: clear proof of the folly of over-concentrating our war industry in certain areas!

Autumn Action

So it cannot be a winter of quiet preparation for us. It will be a winter of fighting throughout the World Front.

The preparations are being made now—in autumn—and they must be intensified and improved.

By our fight two years ago we saved the world. By planning now to fight with all our strength we can not merely safeguard our eventual victory, but hasten it.

(Continued overleaf)

"JOHN BULL'S" CHEQUE FOR FIRE WATCHER'S WIDOW

Mr. W. J. Pentecost was fire-watching at his place of business in a South West city when the premises received a direct hit and he sustained fatal injuries. As Mr. Pentecost was a registered reader of "John Bull" his widow has received a prompt cheque for the benefit provided by our Free Air Raid Insurance.

"John Bull" offers free to every civilian reader, including Fire Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc., A FREE AIR RAID POLICY (*Underwritten at LLOYD'S*).

Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

BUT strategy in the war councils, heroism in the field, hard work in the factories—all these can be negatived by the fool.

And we have many fools about, particularly in high places.

For instance, we expect the Ministry of Works and Buildings is making feverish search for the missing plans for British War Factory No. —.

Thanks to the fool who lost them, we have them in this office at the moment.

Secret and Confidential

They are plans of an obviously huge factory, a vital target.

Naming adjoining railways and roads, they make location easy.

Their importance can be judged by the fact that they are inscribed: "SECRET. CONFIDENTIAL. MUST BE RETURNED ON COMPLETION. NO COPIES ARE TO BE MADE."

Yet how do you think we got them?

Gone with the Wind

It would be bad enough if they had been stolen from a car, which has been the fate of many important documents.

But a reader found these blowing about a builder's yard a hundred miles away from where this British War Factory is being rushed to completion.

We are returning them to a Ministry which should track down the person responsible and ensure he's never again trusted with a document on which British lives depend.

Trust Nobody!

Then it is becoming far too easy for callers—even strangers—to get into the offices of War Ministries

Our own representatives are often allowed through by doorkeepers who don't know them from Adam, and without any production of passes—trust which we don't welcome.

Worse still the case of a business man visitor to London.

Alone—with Plans

At two ministries where he asked to see people he named he was given their room numbers and invited to find them.

No escort. No production of credentials. No questions.

And at one Ministry he found himself alone in a room with the complete camouflage plans of a big new aerodrome displayed on the wall.

Bucolic

Meanwhile, a few more fools queue up for our pillory.

There's the Army captain who attended the weekly pay-out of civilians employed at an Army pay office at which a collection was being taken to provide mobile X-ray units for Soviet heroes.

According to a reader, a rush of blood to the head blinded him to the fact that his C.O. might have authorised this collection, which happened to be the case.

Replaced

He is described as shouting, "I'll show these civilians!" tearing down the appeal posters and flinging the collecting-box on the floor behind the pay table.

We are told they were replaced in due course—but not before a lot of people had been robbed of a chance of paying tribute to our sore-pressed comrades in arms.

Their Proof

Next in the stocks is the C.O. who orders an hour-and-half daily parade in "Full Service Marching Order" for sick soldiers ordered medicine and duty.

Three of the lads allege this takes the form of pack drill, say: "We'll take any punishment for telling."

There won't be any, for the War Office is interested only in getting the name of the officer, *which it shall have.*

Unwanted

There's also somebody at the Ministry of Works who wants his bumps read.

In mid-August a reader told us of 10 tons of steel salvage—which nobody seemed to want—on land adjoining his house.

We told the Ministry, which wrote the reader on August 25 promising investigation.

Since when nothing has happened.

Record Racket

Don't let such isolated cases dissuade you—for saving paper, metal, bones, string, rubber, is essential to victory.

And uncracked gramophone records, despite the fact that an Edinburgh reader, buying records at a shop, found them inscribed: "Odd ones for Salvage."

That's going to be looked into—and stopped!

Where Furniture Goes

Anyway, it is about time there was stricter control of the second-hand trade.

Auctioneers write telling us of dealers who reckon to get four and five pounds for goods which they buy at auction for one!

And of others who are hoarding much-needed furniture for even worse post-war racketeering.

Unused Resources

We repeat: Encourage people to sell the things they don't want to the people who want them and scores of thousands of workers will be freed for the war factories.

But they aren't going to release them at give-away prices to enable dealers to wax fat!

Ministry's Present

Now the story of a British cargo boat which, before sailing away for six months, was given a six weeks' overhaul.

Crew, finding that everything had been improved except their own disgraceful quarters, made protest.

Ministry of Shipping agreed men had a good case but, arguing "too late now to effect improvements," gave each man —a coat hanger!

Census

Petrol waste still continues.

A reader travelling from Surrey to London in a Green Line coach—the service is being closed down to save petrol and tyres—noticed he was passed by forty-eight private cars.

Between them, they had 190 empty seats.

He asks: "Why not deprive those regulars of petrol, let the coach service continue, and make them use it?"

Is This Economy!

Another reader lives near a hall at which dances used to be held which attracted fifty private cars.

Now, the basic ration having gone, the number of these cars has dropped to three.

Yet the car-park is just as well filled with hire cars, taxicabs, trade vehicles and even service trucks!

Try Soap

From Middlesex we hear of scores of A.F.S. depots—some of them thirty miles and more from London—which send as many as a hundred blankets at a time to be dry-cleaned in London with—benzine.

Many have dry-cleaning firms in their own districts.

But, in any case, the three Services manage to keep their blankets quite clean with soap and water.

School Cars

Then we hear that the Windsor and Eton police had quite a busy time controlling the heavy car traffic when Eton College reopened.

But we've yet to learn there was any special check-up.

Is it possible that the fathers concerned all have special petrol allowances —and happened to be passing that day?

We Shall Watch

As with petrol, so with coal. Dozens of letters reach us alleging that some people are getting more fuel than they can ever reasonably hope to use.

It is said, for instance, that a Midlands vicar with four tons of coal in stock had a truckload of 7 tons 17 cwt. arrive.

The Fuel Minister speaks of fair play for the people who can't afford (or store) big stocks.

We shall watch to see if they get it.

Special Cases

Another unfairness concerns—corsets!

The Board of Trade has got to distinguish between ordinary corset buyers and people who need special stomach support after a serious operation.

Control of cost and the amount of material used means that many of the latter cannot get essential appliances.

Besides, they have to await their turn with those ordinary buyers—often a matter of three months.

Give Them Powers

And trainees for war factories are complaining that some of the landladies with whom they are billeted keep their food coupons—even their clothing coupons—when they leave.

Food offices have reported that they are powerless to help the victims.

If that is true, the sooner they get powers the better!

Sacrifice

And a hint to some of the Royal Ordnance factories.

We hear of ultra-conscientious workers who, having slaved themselves into breakdowns in their desperation to beat Hitler, have had to accept lighter jobs at less money.

Workers who have suffered in dangerous processes find themselves similarly handicapped.

No doubt managements mean well, but they should expect a minimum of sacrifice from people handicapped by sacrifice.

3d. for 4d.

With more people in industry, one of the gravest defects in national health insurance gets worse.

That is the situation in which some rich approved societies can give benefits to people who don't need them, while others have to withhold treatment that is highly necessary.

Lloyd George once spoke of 9d. for 4d. —but it is 2s. for 4d. for some, 3d. for others!

Sectional Insurance!

It is good to know that the T.U.C., which has met with so many snubs in seeking national health reforms, is determined to get equal treatment for *all* insured people.

Its Mr. J. L. Smyth wonders whether it deserves the tag "national."

It doesn't. Sectional is a word better describing it.

Behind the News

- **Since failure to take Stalingrad according to time-table, Reichswehr field officers have been threatened with courts-martial for all failure, told no excuses will be accepted.**
- *Feature of Russian tactics, concentration on killing German N.C.O.s, doubled their casualty rate on last year, is alarming Nazi Command.*
- Hitler's heavy guns — from Maginot and other systems—have crossed Europe oftener than any other military units—so frequently have alternate Allied invasion fears and Russian needs forced Nazi Command to change plans.
- **Nazis are experiencing another spate of "dud" output from occupied Europe's munition factories. In recent weeks proportion of useless bombs, shells and big gun barrels has been highest of the war.**
- *Clash with far-reaching possibilities has occurred between Rommel and Von Keitel. Former has refused to obey Berlin orders to throw everything into final offensive synchronising with attack on Stalingrad unless he was first strongly reinforced. Dispute is now before Hitler for decision.*
- Goering has inaugurated a fuel savings campaign, ordering prison sentences and period of "re-education" in concentration camps for waste.
- **Goebbels plans a big new campaign to impress the world with "new German weapons of war," a propaganda bluff seeking to deceive United Nations seeing they haven't got any.**
- *Hitler raves against Finnish politicians, knowing that Finnish feelers for a separate peace have been put out in America—whatever is said to contrary.*
- Fear of a typhoid and 'flu epidemic in Germany is occupying minds of Nazi medical authorities. Shortage of doctors so great that medical students with one year's training are employed as factory doctors.
- **Many Austrians have recently deserted from Nazi forces in Norway and tried to escape to Sweden. German Labour Corps busy erecting a barbed-wire fence along the passable part of the Swedish-Norwegian frontier.**
- *Feeling in Austria runs so high that factories have been converted into "military establishments." Works managers and directors have been given military rank, can punish workers without reference to the courts.*

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

WANTED—5-YEAR WORLD PLAN

REVOLUTION is in the air.

Throughout Britain and the United States—not to speak of Soviet Russia, the first deliberately planned community in the history of nations—a vast movement is spreading to secure a better, fairer and happier way of life for all mankind.

That is the revolutionary spirit at its finest.

In the sense that we have always demanded sweeping social and economic reforms, JOHN BULL is revolutionary, too. And naturally we shall support every public effort to gain those reforms within the lifetime of this generation.

Last week, a highly significant event took place.

It was the huge Albert Hall meeting convened by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Hitherto, the Churches have rarely marched in the van of social progress. They have usually been solidly and sadly on the side of the reactionaries.

Their record makes it all the more remarkable and encouraging to find the two Anglican archbishops and Sir Stafford Cripps preaching "revolutionary" doctrine from the same platform.

Moreover, our religious leaders have at last joined the crusade against unjust monopolies. They have denounced the supremacy of the profit motive in the conduct of the nation's affairs.

Without distinction of creed or Party, position or wealth, the "revolutionary" movement is indeed gaining adherents throughout the country.

People are beginning to realise that the old order of society is passing away—never to return. They have discovered that no country can hope to survive under a system which permits the few to prey more and more greedily upon the many.

Big Business and vested interests will fight to the last ditch to retain their privileges. But their reign is ending.

This fact is gaining recognition in the most unexpected quarters. The "Times," outstanding organ of property, is now questioning the right of any individual or group to exploit the community for profit.

In a recent special article, it admits that "the future of private enterprise depends on our willingness to see its limitations."

And the Church of England, at the Malvern Conference of January, 1941, roundly declared:

"Where the rights of property conflict with the establishment of social justice or the general social welfare, those rights should be overridden, modified, or, if need be, abolished."

Believe us, they will be.

The Atlantic Charter, for all its vague and woolly wording, is a pledge to protect the individual against tyranny by monopolies or States.

It recognises his right to live in freedom from want and fear. If that does not mean freedom from exploitation, it means nothing.

But the Atlantic Charter does not go anything like far enough. It is utterly inadequate as a statement of the United Nations' aims in war and peace.

Yet a full and explicit statement of these aims—a detailed blue print of the New Order which we can offer mankind instead of Hitler's hideous sham—is vital to our cause.

The Malvern Conference propositions and the Sankey Declaration of the Rights of Man were both valuable moves in the right direction, but the world needs something far more authoritative than any sectional pronouncements.

It needs nothing less than a planned *world* economy.

Unless that planning is carried through on international lines it will be doomed to failure. It must be backed by the sincerity—and deeds—of the United Nations.

The English-speaking world is in a unique position to give a lead to planning.

It has economic, geographical and language advantages which even Russia does not enjoy, and, to our intense regret, our Russian comrades are at present bearing the awful burden of actual combat almost alone. They have no immediate time for planning anything but their own gallant defence.

Nevertheless, even with Russia's full co-operation, the world revolution will necessitate world co-operation.

It is useless for any one nation or group of nations to seek to make things all "right and tight" for themselves alone.

For the modern world has so shrunk in size owing to the speed of communications that it cannot be effectively administered except as a single economic unit.

Its immense resources *must* be thrown open to all friendly peoples. Its prodigious productive power must be harnessed in the interests of them all.

But when?

We have not even begun to implement the promises of the Atlantic Charter.

Yet the broad issues which will determine human freedom and prosperity must be examined by the United Nations now if we are ever to put forward a really effective Five-Year Plan for world reconstruction and reform.

Also, we must make a start *now* on putting our house into order if we are to convince the world that we mean to make the plan work.

Each nation will have to be prepared to sacrifice its own privileges and monopolies if they conflict with the common good. Tariffs may have to go completely; raw materials must be made available to all.

Revolution can begin at home, but it must not be allowed to end there. It is vain to promise any section of our own society a better deal unless that promise can be implemented under the changed conditions of the post-war world.

What we can do, here and now, and without waiting for the war to end, is to accept the principles of reform in full and put them into practice as far as circumstances permit.

Though poverty cannot be abolished by a single Act of Parliament, it would be definitely possible to establish a minimum wage, allowance and pension rights for the entire community.

It may not be possible under war conditions to give every boy and girl a sound and liberal education, but it is undeniably possible to prepare adequate education and equal opportunity for them in the day of victory.

So with rebuilding, town and country reconstruction, the conservation of national resources, and every other practical development of our social and economic life: the *planning* can be done now even though the fulfilment of the plans must wait.

And so, too, if the Government had as much courage and vision as the Churches, we could launch the attack upon privilege and vested interests *now*.

We were told long ago that our leaders meant to take the profit out of war. They have not done so.

WE have been continually talking of "equal sacrifice." But the phrase smacks of humbug.

Powerful groups and large combines, far from relaxing their stranglehold upon the nation's economic life, are growing larger and more powerful. They, at least, are planning *now* to consolidate their own positions after the war.

They will not succeed in these plans because the conscience of the entire community has quickened and the spirit of righteous revolution burns strongly in men's hearts.

It is within the power of all of us to hasten or delay the day of liberation by resolving to work unselfishly in the cause of our neighbours and, beyond that, in the common cause of all mankind.

It is the duty of our leaders to express, frame and execute the reforms we are determined to achieve.

The Mr. Smiths See it Through

"AND now a question for Mr. Smith," said the teacher—or perhaps we'd better call him instructor.

And Mr. Smith, one of twenty pupils in the classroom, looked up with strangely blue eyes.

The question was put.

★ ★ ★

"True azimuth," answered Mr. Smith, "equals 180 degrees minus 56 degrees, 18 minutes: equals South 123 degrees 42 minutes."

And as his nineteen fellow-pupils nodded agreement one noticed that they *all* had eyes which seemed more used to peering at distant horizons, which found it not too easy to focus down to the classroom blackboard.

They were young officers of the Merchant Navy—few of them more than a year or two out of their teens—gone to school again in brief interludes between convoys.

Having got their Mates' certificates—"tickets," in sailor language—they were preparing for the last and hardest examination of all, the one which would entitle them to call themselves Master Mariners.

And here they were doing their lessons.

While they pore over their textbooks we'll speak to the instructor.

"Most professions can safely prescribe examinations of lower standard in war-time," he says.

"The sea cannot.

"The war over, a Master Mariner is a Master Mariner—a danger to everybody who travels or transports goods by sea unless he knows everything there is to know about his job.

"That's why these men are back from the sea for a while to study."

Mr. Smith, not much more than twenty, was second officer on a tanker. He had been crossing the Atlantic steadily since 1940.

★ ★ ★

Until a year ago.

Then a torpedo got home in the ship. The tanker began to settle quickly.

Mr. Smith was drawn down, was held as his hand became wedged in a door.

He fought with bursting lungs for air—and life.

He got free—only to become entangled again in his upward progress: pinned by the arm this time. He struggled again, until he was half-conscious.

He can't remember the last stage of that upward journey—and how they hauled him on to a nearby raft . . .

★ ★ ★

His company gave him three months' shore leave to take his "ticket."

And it's hard to concentrate, hard to memorise, sometimes even hard to understand, when you've been through so much.

"Oh, Mr. Smith," said the instructor again. "I propose to ask you about Admiral Fitzroy's rules. Our barometer is in North Latitude. Now, if——"

Observe our blue-eyed young pupil. He sticks his lower lip out determinedly as the questions are put.

His answers come pat.

Looking kind of grim is Mr. Smith, first officer of the Blank Line today—with a spot of luck. Captain Smith of the same line tomorrow.

SAVE TO-DAY THE SAVINGS GROUP WAY

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. LORD SIMON, Lord Chancellor

MY LORD,—At the end of next week you will be hearing a lot about errant young people. For the Magistrates' Association, of which you are president, intends to discuss juvenile crime.

All sorts of punishments will, no doubt, be suggested as the golden cure-all.

Heavier sentences. More of those bleak reformatories that are now politely called "approved schools." More birching—and how ardently some of your greybeard justices seem to pine for the bad old days when they could order any little truant or apple-stealer to be flogged by a hefty policeman!

Well, the boys who were birched always came back for more. They became young criminals with a grudge against Society.

We have filled the approved schools to overflowing. But youthful delinquency continues to increase. The causes are not hard to find.

Evacuation from the cities allowed thousands of children to run wild. The schools were shut, so the control both of parents and teachers was removed.

And still many schools are closed. Still, in those that are open, there are abominable overcrowding, too-big classes, and a standard of education that disgraces a civilised country.

So the youngsters, finding little to interest them, turn to mischief.

As for those who have left school, crime is often a reaction to over-long hours of monotonous toil. Moreover, the excessive wages paid to some boys and girls tempt others to steal in order to live up to their standards.

Let me, therefore, suggest a more even wage system, an improved education policy, and a far better organisation of youth societies.

War cannot be made an excuse either for the exploitation or the persecution of the young. —JOHN BULL.

Air Vice-Marshal Sir PHILIP GAME, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police

DEAR SIR,—Your police are wonderful, as every foreign visitor is expected to say. And so they are. But I suggest they might be even more useful to the community if their war time prosecutions were confined to the really anti-social offences.

Recently, a war factory would have been held up had it not received a consignment of bags. The bags could have been sent on a two-and-a-half-ton trailer, which would have used an awful lot of petrol.

So a firm of merchants delivered the bags on a small tractor; a method used for years without harm to either persons or vehicles.

But it was a technical infringement of the regulations, and a zealous policeman interfered. With the result that two summonses were issued, and the firm of merchants had to pay costs.

What a farce when so many Black Market rascals and Service dodgers wait to be rounded up!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. CHARLES JARMAN, Secretary, National Union of Seamen

DEAR SIR,—Alan Bernett is sixteen. In the Malta convoy, he jumped forty feet into the sea after his ship had been dive-bombed, swam for life for two hours and saw his shipmates drown.

In July, when he joined the ship, he was A1. Now he is underweight and cannot keep his hands still.

With a fine humanity, he has been given three months' sick leave.

But, with an atrocious inhumanity, he is denied pay because he is sick.

He has permission to take a temporary job ashore—if any employer will look at a lad suffering from shipwreck-nerves. If his neurasthenia is officially admitted, he may be eligible for a Ministry of Pensions grant—though heaven knows when.

Otherwise, he has to do on his National Health benefit until he is well enough to rejoin his ship. And his case is not by any means unique.

I am glad to hear that you are drawing up a scheme to help such victims of the enemy's terrorism and our own neglect.

But I admit I wish the initiative had been taken by the arm-chaired officials in Berkeley Square.

The enduring bravery and stamina of our seamen has been officially recognised. Even such prized decorations as the D.S.O. are now awarded to them.

Why, then, should they be cast adrift in the streets of our ports when they break down under war strain?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P., Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—The shortage of doctors is growing graver—because of a preposterous and inexcusable muddle.

More and more medical men are being called up for the Services, to idle away their time. In private practice, on the average, they care for some 2,500 patients. In the Services, they have only a quarter of that number.

That number consists of fit young men who, should they fall ill, are generally sent to civilian hospitals!

Moreover, the newly qualified doctors who are being drafted into the Services have so little work that they begin to forget much of what they have learned. For most of the time they have to swop yarns or play darts and snooker.

On the other hand, as a group of doctors point out in a medical journal, those left in private practice are working fourteen hours a day.

So many have been called up that those left behind would find it hard to cope with the casualties of a big air raid. From one town, indeed, every doctor was called up—so you had to arrange for the release of two from the Forces.

You should intervene again. Stop the medical call-up. Insist that the doctors already in uniform be fully employed. Refuse to allow Servicemen with minor ailments to take the hospital beds needed for serious civilian cases!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE HICKS, M.P., Ministry of Works and Planning

DEAR SIR,—"The metal situation is serious," you say. So serious that there will be no protest at your new order which aims at collecting another million tons of scrap. On the contrary. The public would like you to be more drastic.

You now insist that people must tell you if they have more than three tons of metal waste on their premises. But why disdain lesser amounts? Why not put the amount at one ton?

Few householders object to surrendering their railings for the manufacture of guns and shells.

But I know that many are resentful because churches, schools and other institutions are exempted from the Order.

One London school, for example, has acres of grounds surrounded by six-foot high railings. These could be removed without fear of the boys breaking through the seven-foot hedge!

Again, demolition squads tell me of the scrap still left on the sites of bombed buildings.

Maybe it would be possible to use the demolished girders and water tanks when those buildings are put up again after the war. But there is a more urgent use for them *now*. Take the lot!—JOHN BULL.

THE POWER WITHIN US ALL

ARGUE IT OUT
★
By Pallas

LINKING the Almighty with lawnmowers would seem ridiculous. To some people it might seem sacrilegious, perhaps faintly blasphemous. Certainly it would offend those of deep religious feelings.

And they would eye with some uneasiness a man who calmly announced that he was praying God to send him a lawnmower to replace his worn-out machine.

I met a man who did make such an announcement. He had tried in vain to find a mower. "So," he said, "I'm praying for one.

"You think I'm stupid; think that prayers should not be offered for such a thing. But I believe in praying for something which I have tried in vain myself to get."

I knew this man to be steadfast in faith; knew him to be worldly yet spiritually sincere. But it came as a shock to me that anyone should utter prayers for so material a thing as a lawnmower.

Perhaps my conception of prayer is wrong.

Perhaps I have yet to rid myself of the *fetish* of organised prayers—those dreary, mumbling, sonorous incantations so beloved by the smug preachers and moralisers.

As a result of chapel and Sunday-school, Christian Endeavour, Band of Hope and other religious activities thrust upon me, I used to think that prayers were just something to be said in certain places at certain times.

Many years passed before I realised that prayers have nothing to do with religions or creeds, churches or chapels, parsons or priests. They come unbidden to the heart, come questioningly as though uncertain of their welcome.

They spring from the secret places—those places which we do not know exist when life is placid and even and contented.

I doubt whether the prayers intoned from our great cathedrals and our thousands of churches are the sort of prayer which reaches the Being whose nature is beyond our conception.

I prefer to believe that it is the hesitant, timid, silent prayer, winging its way through millions of years, that is the true power of prayer.

The prayer which makes strong men like little children groping in the dark is the real expression of our humility and our helplessness.

To-day, in the midst of the waste and folly and conceit and carnage of war, prayer is a weapon we all can use. Millions of women pray that their husbands and sons and sweethearts may be guided and protected.

Prayer, like death, is a great leveller. The prayer from the cottage may not be so eloquent—in terms of words—as the prayer from the castle. But it is just as moving and just as sincere.

In prayer we can strengthen our hearts and steel our courage. We can pray that in the days to come we shall think more of our fellows and have stronger faith in, and love for, the cause of humanity.

"Say not the struggle naught availeth." Prayer has its place in this struggle—maybe a more important place than we can conceive. And the whispers from the hearts and souls of millions may become a world-shaking sea of unheard sound.

We're on Top in the War of New Ideas

★ ON land and sea, the British fighting man and the inventive genius behind him are unsurpassed in the battle of wits, however much their light is dimmed by war's misfortunes

says JOHN CASHEL

LATEST worry of the doubters came with the news that the Germans are using stratosphere bombers and fighters. They looked up, visualising the British skies full of pressure-cabined Ju. 86s dropping their bombs in safety from 40,000 ft., and Me. 109Gs streaking along eight miles high.

All because it is safer to reveal enemy secrets before your own!

For long our brightest flashes in the battle of wits could not be told, and many are still secret.

First was radio-location, which, as Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding, Chief of Fighter Command in the Battle of Britain, told me, revolutionised our air defence in those days of the Glorious Few.

Still Many Secrets

Then these ingenious airmen and their backers were at their best again when the night bombers swarmed over and failed to knock out our cities.

Many of their bombs ploughed up not military targets but meadows.

Half the truth was that the pilots, scared by the withering "ack-ack" barrage, jettisoned their bombs and made for home.

The untold other half, according to foreign sources, was that the R.A.F. had been playing tricks with the German radio beams on which the bombers rode to their target.

These beams came from places wide apart on the Continent, usually one from the north-east and the other from the south-east, thus forming two sides of a triangle and intersecting at the sharp point of its apex over the target.

British quick-wits with much success made strange things happen to those radio beams.

Other misleading beams intersected them over false targets—and the bombs often went down in fields.

In those days many devices were secret that are now a commonplace on both sides in the War of Wits.

Faked Targets

Dummy airfields and faked factories, and smoke-screens over valuable targets, were seen but not talked about.

Aerodromes became such models of dispersal and camouflage that in all the Battle of Britain only one was put out of commission for more than a few hours.

Our wily pilots, pretending to be hit, spiralled down deceptively out of hot-spots or put out black-smoke trails—only to be freer to manœuvre and flash back into combat again.

The other day a young pilot was honoured for taking photographs of the raid damage at Dieppe. His honour threw for an unobtrusive moment the spotlight on the exploits of some of the most daring men in the R.A.F.

Their full story cannot yet be told, because over a long period of hazardous daylight adventure they have done their job so well that not one of them or their aircraft have fallen into hostile hands.

Radio-location revolutionised our air defences long before we heard about it

They fly in fast long-range machines, sometimes to points as distant in Germany as Berlin, Augsberg and Lubeck, taking their daylight pictures at times from as low as one or two thousand feet.

They have stereoscopic cameras which tell them more than ordinary ones, and it is to them that the R.A.F. owes much of its success in outwitting German camouflage.

First Sight

Such "eyes" as theirs first saw or confirmed the fake cities resembling Berlin, Cologne, Hamburg, and other deceptions.

Every milestone in the R.A.F.'s inventive journey, from the opening of the war of wits down to the mass fighter sweeps and the heavy night bombing offensives of to-day, tells the same story—not once within the limits of his resources has the airman let us down.

Trust him. He will be there in the pressure-cabined stratosphere — and on top!

The Army's modern fighting man, starting late from scratch after Dunkirk, is now fast adding to his quota in the war of wits.

His new anti-aircraft gun, so secret that he receives no praise for it from our side, has already won some from those who can judge best—the pilots of the Luftwaffe.

In the Middle East, while waiting for still more heavily gunned tanks, he has made the most of those he has had, even to the point of inventing dummy squadrons so cleverly camouflaged that Rommel was lured into wasteful battle.

Minefields in front of the Eighth Army hold many deadly devices as unsuspecting as the harmless-looking fountain-pens and other homely gadgets laid by the Germans, which when picked up sprung a mine.

The Commandos' rubber-soled shoes for silent travel and blackened faces blending with the night won fewer good marks for novelty than did their Jap equivalents long after in Malaya.

The Fleet Air Arm began their job under specially appalling disadvantages.

News of Hitler's original much-boosted "secret weapon," the magnetic mine, was blazoned across the world. Yet little was heard about our naval pilots who during the Norway campaign laid far more magnetic minefields right on Hitler's Baltic doorstep.

They did not do it in fast modern planes as his pilots did, but in slow, antiquated Swordfishes hastily improvised for the long journey.

Each carried a huge additional petrol tank propped up inside the fuselage, with one of the overcrowded crew perched on its inflammable top, while between the fixed undercarriage wheels were clawed in position the heavy mines.

Men, machines and mines crawled over the North Sea to Hitler's inland sea, and the world, knowing all entrance by water was in German hands, was astonished by the Admiralty announcement, "A minefield has been laid in the Baltic."

For long no outsider knew how, and then not much.

As a sailor said to me at the time, "The best of British propaganda is that it is the worst in the world"!

Catapults

In the Norway operations the Navy used the first aerial "spotters" of the war to report back from over the target to the bombarding gunners of our warships.

The Navy sent the first catapult planes into action.

They employed the first torpedo-bombers at Taranto, skilfully supporting them with the first Fairy Fulmers, which hit the headlines only just before "The Navy's Fine New Fighters." Their design was then six years old!

Full-scale sea night warfare was introduced by the Mediterranean Fleet at the Battle of Cape Matapan.

Malta, being a naval fortress, is also the Navy's "pigeon." It is now the most heavily defended island anywhere, but it wasn't so in its more ingenious days when Mussolini first launched his air armadas upon the island.

Four Gladiators

It was in those early days of the bombing that those four resourceful naval pilots of four obsolescent Gladiators, which till then had never flown, were the only air defenders of Malta.

They fought on and on as wave after wave of Mussolini's bombers came over. Then one day there were only three. The Maltese christened them "Faith, Hope and Charity."

They never let those Maltese down!

All these are but a few tonic high-spots in the air, on land and sea, of the British fighting man's ingenuity that is winning the war of wits, ever more as he is getting the tools with which to do it.

It is Hitler who, having lost the advantage of his long preparedness, should be worrying about what is coming in (or out) of the stratosphere!

BELGIAN CONGO WILL SHATTER HIS DREAM

GLANCE at the map of Africa, at the Belgian Congo, whose frontiers take the shape of a giant bottle.

How Hitler would like to reach the riches inside that bottle! What he would give to break the bottle-neck which is dominated by the Congo's capital, Leopoldville!

★ ★ ★

Plans for the conquest of the Congo were ready long before his troops overran Belgium. His experts had neatly tabulated the vast economic resources of West Africa, which is, perhaps, the richest region in the world.

The copper and the coffee, the rubber and the ore, the cattle and the fruit—the paradise-like growth of the world's natural wealth was the magnet which lured the greatest robber of all times.

But while he led King Leopold into captivity the little African town of Leopoldville would not surrender. In the dark days of 1940 there came from the dark Continent a ray of light.

It was from Leopoldville that General de Gaulle, with permission of the Free Belgian Governor, announced that West Africa would fight with the Allies.

It meant a lot! It is likely to mean even more if Hitler is able to return to his African dream, which, Belgian experts insist, is not impossible.

Hitler, though, would find the battle of the Belgian Congo a tough proposition.

Already Belgian native troops are collaborating with the British units of the Sudan. They work and march hand in hand with the Free French who have fought Rommel from their distant West African bases and are ready to take up the challenge to Dakar.

★ ★ ★

A vast net of modern communications has been established. British and American missions are on the spot to supervise the exploitation of the Congo's wealth which the Belgian Government has placed at the disposal of the United Nations.

Do not think of this distant part of the world as if it were the proverbial African jungle. Picture it in terms of mines and factories, of airfields and industrial towns through which the tempo of war pulses as feverishly as on all other of our industrial battlefields.

★ ★ ★

American and British pilots have made their home here. The quickly expanding railway system is in charge of European experts, and a native labour army, anxious to keep away the Axis oppressors, toils day and night to produce and prepare.

Now a steady stream of supplies from the Congo—cotton, copra, nuts and palm oil, sugar and tin—reaches the United Nations where they want it most.

All the time the military are on the alert to defend this wealth on which Hitler has his eyes.

Because they know that it may not be long before they will have to fight the Battle of the Belgian Congo.

THE OTHER HALF OF THE

While, in recent weeks, the titanic struggle in Russia has riveted our attention, events in the Far East have been bringing the Japs nearer to an inevitable major clash with the rapidly growing forces of the United Nations

By A. G. GARDINER

AS Hitler faces his second winter in Russia, two questions must haunt him. Why was he mad enough to bring Russia into the field against him before he had consummated his victory in the West and in the Mediterranean?

Why did he declare war on the United States as the price of winning the active help of Japan?

The one blunder was the sequel to the other. It was because of his disaster in Russia last year that he made his deal with Tojo in December. With the results of that deal we are content.

We know what the United States has done and is doing in the war against Hitler. What has Tojo done for Hitler in his war against Russia?

Nine months have passed since Pearl Harbour, and he is still at peace with Stalin. Not only so: he has just announced, through his new Foreign Minister, his anxiety that that peace should not be broken.

No one will attach much weight to the word of Tojo. Certainly Stalin will not. The Pearl Harbour technique is known of old to Russia, and Stalin is aware that Tojo is as hard a liar as Hitler himself, and will only attack him when it suits, not Hitler's hand, but his own.

★ ★ ★

It is not likely that that moment is now. The eve of winter is not a propitious time to begin a war in Siberia. And there are other solid reasons why Tojo may hesitate to give Hitler a helping hand in his hour of urgent need.

ONE OF JAPAN'S BEST CARDS IS THE GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION WHICH HAS MADE HER PRACTICALLY UNASSAILABLE FROM THE AIR.

A WAR WITH RUSSIA WOULD BRING HER PAPER CITIES WITHIN BOMBING RANGE OF VLADIVOSTOK.

It would also enormously strengthen the hand of the Chinese. Already that heroic people has given Tojo a lot to think about.

He naturally supposed that when he had closed the Burma Road he had hermetically sealed Chiang Kai-shek, and could forget all about him in the pursuit of his larger Pacific strategy.

But he has been disillusioned. The Chinese are as tough a nut for him to crack as the Russians are for Hitler.

In all the history of these tremendous days there is no more sublime figure than that of Chiang Kai-shek, and nothing more inspiring than the unquenchable valour of his people.

Even in the presence of the titanic struggle in Russia we shall do well to keep an eye on the doings of Russia's great neighbour in the Far East.

Those actions are not in the remote interior of the country, but in the seaboard province of Chekiang, a couple of hundred miles or so from Shanghai.

Here Chiang has captured many towns, great tracts of a vital railway, and, what is more important, the air bases of the Japanese, which brings him within flying range of Tokyo.

And now for the first time in his long war he has ceased to be helpless in the air. With the American planes already there, and with the British planes that will soon be there, the Sino-Japanese war will assume a different aspect.

And should Japan be foolish enough to attack Russia, the solid block of Russia and China fighting together with the United States and ourselves would change the whole balance of power in the Far East.

★ ★ ★

This would imperil, if it did not wreck, the ambitious dreams with which Tojo plunged into war last December.

Those dreams have made his chief battleground thousands of miles away in the South Pacific, and if he is to exploit to the full his victories there he cannot afford to bring the war on to his own doorstep.

The dominant purpose of Tojo's strategy is to consolidate his hold on the East Indies and strike westward from there.

If he is to link up with Hitler he must link up by way of the Indian Ocean, and not by way of Siberia.

His successes in the South Pacific have been so vast and his commitments there are so imperative that his eggs may now be said to be all in that basket.

And if he is to hatch them he dare not invite serious trouble in his home waters.

For this reason the keypoints of this strategy are New Guinea and Burma.

THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT AS TO HIS MAIN IDEA. IT IS TO INVADE INDIA AND TO ESTABLISH HIS NAVAL SUPREMACY IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

Events have played into his hand beyond the wildest dreams that even he could have had a year ago.

The whole fabric of Eastern Asia and the

When American marines landed in the Solomons they began a move that may influence the whole course of the war

Italian Farmers Are Hiding Corn

EARLY in the Abyssinian war I saw the women of Rome pulling off their wedding rings and throwing them eagerly to the war fund collectors.

To-day, despite loud and constant appeals by Mussolini, Italian farmers are hiding as much corn as they can.

★ ★ ★

And all the "Great Miscalculator" is able to do about it, apparently, is to go on shouting his orders louder and louder!

Of course, there have been some arrests and punishments, but they seem to have had scant effect. All they have achieved, in fact, is the revelation of how widespread is the mass disobedience of the once-feared Duce's commands.

Those taken into custody include a small farmer in the province of Pisa, where most of the famous spaghetti is manufactured; a man in the employ of a vicar, and a mayor.

For some time there have been unmistakable indications of disintegration, but this defiance by the farmers and peasants is, perhaps, the most significant sign of all in the latest batch of news from the land of Fascist betrayal.

It is not as if the Government was trying to grab the corn without making adequate payment. They give a handsome premium in addition to the quite good market prices.

Cash is paid on delivery, and one of the inducements just announced is that, in localities where there is no branch office of the banks authorised to make the payments, Government agents have been told to hand over cash on the spot where the corn is collected, "without making any deductions of sums due to third persons."

This means that the Government is ready to side-track the debts most farmers owe to the banks, which are, in fact, the Treasury itself!

But all these baits appear to be in vain, and the Duce's winter food plans are being dangerously upset. The position was going to be difficult even without this wholesale concealment of produce.

The anger of industrial workers because of food shortages has been growing rapidly.

★ ★ ★

So acute was the situation in the province of Milan that Mussolini was compelled to call a meeting of all the Fascist trades union officials a few weeks ago.

In reply to the customary salute, sent to him in Rome by the chief union officer, he threatened the harshest punishment of those who were endangering the economic and industrial life of the country.

These threats are not likely to have any more effect on the industrial workers than they have had on the country folk.

What counts far more with the workers is that for the *whole* of last month the rations of spaghetti, rice, butter, oil and fat amounted to what they received in a few days before the Abyssinian war—and even then they were barely sufficient to live on.

★ ★ ★

Latest move to make the farmers disgorge all their corn is the commandeering of flour mills by the prefects.

Before any corn can be milled application must be made to the local Fascist officer, who has been ordered to grant permits for only such quantities as are considered absolutely necessary to provide for the farmer and his family.

From my knowledge of the Italian farmer, Mussolini is not likely to get any nearer to the hidden corn in this way than he has done by his loud appeals and threats of all kinds of punishment.

And the whole situation is a clear pointer to what the rural population of the country, at any rate, thinks of the Duce's chances in the war.

G. GIGLIO.

WAR

East Indies has fallen into his lap like a ripe plum.

He stands in Burma on the threshold of India, and at this critical moment of its fate that country, which for 150 years has enjoyed a freedom from external interference that no other country in the world has experienced, is torn with internal discord.

How far that discord will be helpful to Tojo we can only guess. We know that for years the Japanese have been penetrating the country with Fifth Column tactics under our noses.

But the mass of the people are with us, all the martial races are sound, the police are loyal, and we have had time since the tragedy of Burma to organise our defence.

We have a formidable fleet in the Indian Ocean, and the timely seizure of Madagascar has put a spoke in Tojo's plans.

★ ★ ★

The monsoon, which gave us a priceless breathing space, is over, and Tojo may be expected to make his great bid at any time—whether by sea or land or both remains to be seen.

The clash is inevitable, for neither side can stay on the defensive. It is as vital to us to recover Burma and reopen the Burma Road to China as it is for Tojo to spread the flames of internal chaos in India.

But meanwhile Tojo cannot neglect New Guinea and the adjacent islands. He must have his left flank cleared of the menace of an embattled Australia.

He must cut the life-line of the United States to the South Seas. He cannot go forward confidently into India and the Indian Ocean while his rear is threatened by the growing might of America in the Pacific.

That is the great snag in his plans. That is why the happenings in New Guinea and the Solomons are charged with such immense significance in regard to the whole course of the war.

EVERY BLOW THAT IS STRUCK AGAINST JAPANESE SUPREMACY IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS WILL HAVE ITS REACTIONS ON THE SITUATION IN BURMA.

It will make Tojo look backward with ever-increasing concern.

He has spread his conquests far and wide. But he has spread his liabilities far and wide, too.

He has bitten off far more than he has yet chewed and digested—more, I think, than he will ever chew and digest.

Already his supremacy in the air has gone—decisively gone. The time should not be far distant when his supremacy at sea will be gone no less decisively. And then——

Meantime, we must keep the gates of India and the Indian Ocean securely locked.

AND, NO LESS IMPORTANT, NOW THAT CHINA HAS GOT THE AIR BASES, LET US SEE THAT SHE HAS THE PLANES TO CARRY THE WAR INTO JAPAN'S VITALS. THAT WILL BRING TOJO HOME AT A GALLOP.

Hitler's Sudden Change-Over

★ Failure to destroy Russia's armies—that much is certain—has forced Hitler to make a rapid change-over in plans, right from the front line back to Germany itself.

For the first time he will be really on the defensive, but every move will be designed with the desperate hope that he will be able to strike again.

IT is no mere speculation, no guess work, Hitler's thoughts are reflected in the speeches of his Nazi henchmen. Goebbels is communicating them to the German people. The personalities who visit Hitler at his Field H.Q., the conferences which he holds and the measures which he takes reveal his quick-chance winter war plans.

Wherever Hitler looks he sees the fronts settling down to an old-fashioned war of position. The *blitzkrieg* with which he surprised and destroyed his first opponents has lost its glamour and effectiveness.

That is why he has devoted his first attention to the German Home Front. For years he has planned for quick victory.

By his reckoning the war should be over by now and the German workers should have a breathing space and enjoy the booty of victory.

Instead he is forced to put the German home front into a strait-jacket to prevent it from breaking out. He has put the *Gestapo* and the S.S. in complete control of the German people.

Forced Labour

Workers are given bigger rations of bread and meat, even though it means the mass slaughter of irreplaceable livestock. They are ordered to help unloading coal and potatoes at the big marshalling yards if they do not want to freeze or starve.

"Help yourself" is the new slogan of Nazi propaganda, and there is evidence that many Germans interpret it as an admission that the Nazi Government can not help them any longer.

"Hang on!" Goebbels implores the German workers. "Hang on one more winter and you will reap the reward for all your sacrifices!"

On Hitler's orders, Goebbels warns the Germans not to repeat the mistake of the last generation and to throw in the sponge.

Goebbels knows that all Germany is discussing the fourth year of the last war and the German collapse in spite of many victories. Many Germans are wondering now whether their fathers were not wise in throwing out the Kaiser.

War-Weary

It is against this background of a restive home front, of a war-weary, disillusioned, exhausted people that Hitler must make his winter war plans.

Goebbels has frankly told neutral correspondents what Hitler thinks.

You can gather it yourself from the prominence to which a comparatively little known German general has sprung in the last few weeks.

General Alexander Loehr, Hitler's favourite air terrorist, will be expected to hold the seething Balkans in check

He is General Jacob, whose official title is "General of Pioneers and Fortifications."

Jacob has just returned from an extensive tour of the Continent. He is the originator and builder of the Atlantic Wall, the network of vast fortifications along the Channel coast which have just been dented at Dieppe.

Now Hitler expects Jacob to build what German spokesmen already call the "Volga Wall," an Eastern Defence Line behind which, Hitler hopes, a small proportion of the *Wehrmacht* will be able to contain the Russian armies.

Behind the Atlantic and Volga Walls, Hitler plans to sit tight. It is for the United Nations, he thinks, to break their heads in an attempt to invade the "impregnable Continent."

But after Dieppe, Goebbels had to admit that "it is virtually impossible to defend every mile of the long Continental coastline."

Problem of Mobility

That is why Hitler is concentrating on the problem of mobility. He has charged General Wietersheim to take control of military traffic and communications to enable him to move big armies quickly to a potential danger spot.

Reduced by terrific casualties, a weakened German army is now to hold the Continent until a vast drive for labour and legionaires enables Hitler to resume offensive operations, somewhere, sometime, somehow.

That is the idea, but Goebbels has actually admitted that this may not be possible at all. He says it will soon be for Britain to decide the future course of the war.

But Hitler is also looking towards the South-East of Europe where he has made a significant military change.

To the battlefronts of the Balkans he has sent one of his favourite generals, Alexander Loehr, of the *Luftwaffe*, to deal with pressing problems.

Bulgaria is seething with revolt. In the Serb mountains General Michailovich and his gallant guerillas are a constant threat to vital communications.

Indeed, rail traffic in southern Yugoslavia has been paralysed for weeks on end.

Locomotives have mysteriously blown up. Long lengths of the permanent way have been damaged and even uprooted.

Convoys travelling along the roads have been smashed, the drivers shot or stabbed, and precious loads of arms seized to swell the armouries of the patriots.

And the trouble has threatened to spread across the frontiers into Rumania and Bulgaria.

Loehr is supposed to deal with these dangers. He is no administrator, no military bureaucrat. He is Hitler's favourite air terrorist from whom the German High Command always expects action.

But even Loehr's new task is a defensive move.

In the meantime, Hitler is trying to keep up at least a pretence of offensive spirit. His propaganda is chiefly directed against Britain and the British people whom he would still like to impress with his offensive strength.

He has ordered Air Field - Marshal Sperrle, commander of the *Luftwaffe* in the West, to inspect Nazi parachutists on the Channel coast.

The scene was duly photographed and the picture widely circulated throughout neutral countries.

That, Hitler and Goebbels think, will drive fear into the hearts of the British people. These Nazi paratroopers, they want to infer, could be sent against the British Isles at a minute's notice.

It is the last breath of the *blitzkrieg* which comes from across the Channel

Doubtful Asset

But that does not mean that Hitler's winter war plans are not dangerous, may not prove an asset to him if they succeed.

For behind that iron wall with which he is trying to fortify the Continent, he is making the people of Europe slave for him—and, if possible, fight, too.

Every factory capable of producing the stuff of war has been swiftly and efficiently converted to fulfil Hitler's immediate needs.

In Germany itself, to the last limit of Teutonic thoroughness, the whole of industry has been swung over to yield the utmost production at the utmost speed.

Men and machines are worked until they wear out. There is now no thought for what the position might be a year hence.

It will be impossible to replace some of the intricate machine tools when they become badly worn. Never mind, work them for all they're worth!

Supplies of raw material are shrinking at an alarming rate. Never mind, use all that is available and use it quickly!

Even new and valuable machinery that cannot be converted for war production is now thrown into the furnace as scrap.

Even the sick and the hopelessly maimed are relentlessly mobilised for labour in the factories.

So that in the Spring, Hitler may find a chance to strike again.

That's his desperate hope, anyway.

W. F.

GAMBLERS ARE BUSY WITH LAND and HOUSES

UNLESS the Government takes some very drastic action to control land and property deals, there is going to be a spate of exploitation by get-rich-quick speculators.

Already syndicates are springing up for no other purpose than to take advantage of increased values due to the war. And, of course, plenty of individual speculators are busy, too.

They realise that they can make small fortunes overnight in the absence of long-overdue regulations.

Except in the case of agricultural land previously rented to farmers, where purchasers had come along with tempting offers to the owners, which meant that the tenants would have been ejected, little or nothing has been done by the Government to control land and property speculation.

£3,000 to £30,000

True, a special Order was introduced by the Minister of Health to restrict sales in certain circumstances, but even this is not wholly effective.

The Executive Committee of the Somerset Branch of the National Farmers' Union, for instance, recently protested against wealthy speculators buying up estates and turning farmers out because they had not the necessary money to buy the farms they had been renting for years.

Agricultural land in Cornwall, which would not have brought £3,000 before the war, changed hands not long ago for £30,000.

The vendors openly boasted that the land had soared in value since the war and advertised it as a haven from aeroplanes and a health resort!

Deals are often made privately and figures kept a dark secret. But here are a few recent cases of war time buying and selling which speak for themselves:

A small farm, let at an annual rental of £26, was sold for £3,600.

Another, with annual rental of £126, fetched £10,000.

Based on a number of "sales" and "purchases" of this kind, a recent average worked out by experts showed a 60 per cent. increase on pre-war values, while another series showed a rise of 200 per cent.

Not long ago a council wanted to buy a small site. The owner wouldn't take a farthing less than £1,300. Inquiries revealed that its original price was £10 an acre.

The county council refused to pay the price. It looked round for another site—and likewise rejected its owner's terms of £1,200.

Their El Dorado

These instances are typical of the price racket rampant all over the country.

That private speculators have found an El Dorado in property exploitation can be illustrated by the fact that estate agents lately set out to find suitable properties for an unnamed client who had entered the market with a minimum of £150,000 to speculate!

So much for land.

The position is even worse where houses and hotels-for-sale are concerned.

A semi-detached house in a provincial town, built in 1938 and advertised then for £395, was recently offered at £620 *by the same owner-builder.*

In the meantime it had been let at a good rental, so the war time profit of £225 was all the more worth having. But there is nothing in the law to stop such extortion.

In another case a house, built between 1937 and 1939, cost £825. It changed hands at £1,250 not long ago.

A third, originally bought for £425, has fetched £700. A fourth, whose first all-in price was £495, was offered to the highest bidder for over £600.

In the South Country, not far from Tonbridge, a semi-detached villa was bought not long ago for £800. Its buyer then wanted £1,025 for it.

Near by, a house worth £400 at the most is now offered at double the price.

From the many other glaring instances contained in an investigator's report before me, I will quote one final instance. A house in an isolated country district was bought in 1937 for £75. It changed hands less than a year ago at £1,500.

Unscrupulous Minds

Estate agents admit that anyone with an unscrupulous turn of mind can *legally* obtain wickedly high prices for houses just now—particularly in country districts.

"God help the people coming home from this war hoping to find houses—if inflation goes on under which a house worth £800 is selling for £1,600 to-day," said Major R. S. Palmer at Swansea when addressing the South Wales Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute.

The building industry, he added, would have to get used to the idea that there would be so much building to be done after the war that State control might be necessary.

But if there is to be any settlement after the war the prices of houses should be controlled now, when people were exploiting property and buying because there is a shortage.

Plans Held Up

That, to me, seems obvious commonsense. But not, apparently, to the Government.

For see what is happening in the blitz-scarred City of London.

Its Town Planning Committee has worked out an ambitious scheme for the City's reconstruction.

But nothing can be done because of private speculation and official red-tape.

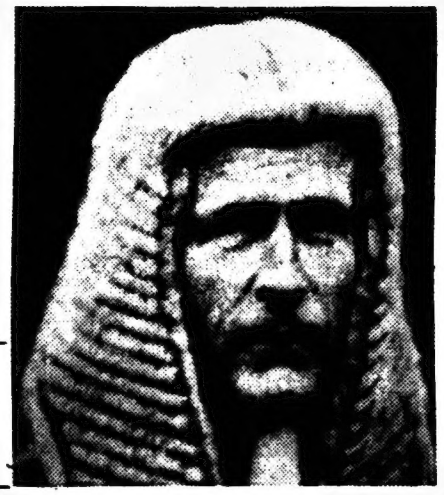
"Pending the Government's introduction of safeguarding legislation," says the Chairman, "our City plan is held up indefinitely. For there are sections of the public who would step in and buy up rights. And we do not want a 'Black Market' in land."

I am afraid it is not a question of *not wanting one*, but of *already having one.*

Only the Government can knock the bottom from this infamous "market." It can do so by fixing basic values for land and property on the basis of 1939 values.

It should do so at once. For the profiteers are imperilling post-war planning and reconstruction.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS



Sir William Jowitt, K.C., Paymaster-General, is co-ordinating rebuilding plans. He should take steps to stop this gambling before it undermines his schemes for reasonable rents

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED BY CROOKS

PRESENT-DAY conditions are providing a wide hunting ground for mean crooks like Dolphine Crawford Smith, the "woman with a heart of stone," sentenced to three years' penal servitude for defrauding two old people at Kingston-on-Thames of practically everything they possessed.

Only 39, this adventuress had been in prison many times.

There are many more like her, preying on people worried by the war.

Fear is the chief weapon with which they work. Practised and heartless crooks that most of them are, they frighten people into the belief that they have committed some offence for which they could be heavily fined or sent to jail.

The rest is comparatively easy. They fleece their victims in a variety of ways—frequently by pretending they have to pay money to save them from the consequences of their mythical offences.

Typical of the depths to which these sharks will sink was the recent case of an aged shopkeeper who parted with £34 in small sums because he was terrorised into believing that he would otherwise be prosecuted for a black-out offence of which, in fact, he was not guilty.

Difficulty the police find in rounding up these miserable cheats is that victims are scared of telling anyone about what is happening.

I, therefore, most strongly urge anyone unfortunate enough to be threatened in this way to go to their nearest police station at once. They will have nothing to fear.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. W. Shelmerdine, Vale Avenue, Orford, Warrington, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for useful information.

Letters are welcomed on any matter requiring comment or inquiry. Address: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93/4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU...

WILL PEACE BRING SEX WAR?

● **Fred Smith, the secretary of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, has put it bluntly.**

"After the war," he writes, "the only alternative to the replacement of women in industry by the men who left it to fight will be an unthinkable form of sex war, with the possibility of many employers using the skill of the women as a lever for enforcing wage-cuts."

Although there may not be a sex war, we certainly face a time when many thousands of women, recruited into industry because of war needs, and now skilled artificers, will insist on sex equality.

The remedy is obvious—equal pay for the job regardless of the sex of the person who does it, and either a wholesale cut-down in the hours worked by individuals or else the opening up, as part of the new-world plan, of great new enterprises intended to enrich the ordinary person's life and give him greater ease and greater comfort.

That's not impossible. But it needs a revolution in the minds of millions.

HOW CAN GARDEN THEFTS BE STOPPED?

● **War not only ennobles the mass and gives them a greater sense of comradeship. It weakens morale in a minority, by decreasing parental responsibility and spreading a zest for adventure which, if not wisely guided, leads to petty crimes.**

The wholesale increase in the number of allotments makes easy the theft of garden produce.

Instead of fines that have proved ineffective, and long imprisonment, which would be a retrograde step, I suggest that the photograph and the name and address of each offender should, for a fixed number of weeks, be displayed near where he or she lives. And that it should bear, not so terrible a word as "Traitor," but one holding up the thief to public scorn.

HOW WOULD YOU CURB THE WANGLERS?

● **Too many wanglers consider it "smart" to obtain extra rations.**

Their sabotage—it is nothing less—would be greatly minimised if, every time they boasted, listeners told them frankly how traitorous was their behaviour.

But—how many have the courage to do it?

Little do they appreciate how the lash of condemnation, if used publicly, is a deterrent to anti-social offences.

Tell a "smart Alec" just what you think of him and, if a trader suggests to you that he can "wangle something," put the news around.

Almost everybody dreads the contempt of his fellows.

IS AGITATION AT THE PORTS ORGANISED?

● **An official of the Transport Workers says he has noticed discouragement uttered in words so similar in ports far distant that he thinks the authorities should investigate any possible sign that it is organised.**

Often, the trouble is among the labourers imported from Ireland. It seems to me that, mixed with these men, there are violent anti-British members of the I.R.A.

Some of these have been spreading anti-British stuff among American troops in Ulster—so much, indeed, that some Americans resident here consider it a grave mistake to have quartered U.S. soldiers in Ireland instead of bringing them straight to England.

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY

SKINNER'S SUPERB FAILURE

By W. A. SWEENEY

"PACKET of cigarettes, please." Mr. Twitchit tendered half-a-crown to the smiling old lady, who handed over his change, and then departed still beaming like a rising sun. He took a 'bus to a remote part of London and entered another tobacconist's.

He beamed again. "Packet of Lucky Puffs, please. Ten. I thank you."

Again he paid with half-a-crown and departed. He made for the Underground, still beaming benevolently through his spectacles.

Mr. Twitchit was at his daily work—which was sprinkling the land with half-dollars designed to relieve the monotony and sameness of the ordinary minted variety. For Mr. Twitchit's currency was made by his partner, Mr. Samuel Skinner.

Mr. Skinner was a great artist in his time, undoubtedly, and could turn out as neat a piece of counterfeit money as any policeman could wish to gaze upon.

Never did Twitchit allow him to try his hand at passing the half-crowns. For there was a kind of blight on Mr. Skinner—his ill-luck. He referred to it as to a family curse—the ill-luck of the Skinners.

"I never count on anything good happening to me," he always said, "for something's sure to turn up at the last minute and spike it." And this was perfectly true.

When Mr. Skinner turned out a particularly good baking of half-dollars his artist's soul naturally yearned for the thrill of putting them across personally, but such rewards were not for him. Far too risky, with his luck.

There are limits, however, to the commercial possibilities of half-dollars "just as mother makes 'em," and sometimes the thoughts of Mr. Skinner, who had once been a marvellous engraver, turned to pound notes.

Many an idle hour he pleasantly whiled away trying at the pound notes.

"Not for anything serious," he would say to Mr. Twitchit, yawning and crushing up a trial specimen and tossing it in the fire. "Haven't the right machinery."

Mr. Twitchit frowned at the fire. "Very risky, the pound note business," he considered. "It don't do to be too ambitious, Sam. History is full of examples of the folly of being over-ambitious. Macbeth, Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, Mussolini—and One-eyed Joe, who copped fifteen years for shoplifting in a jeweller's instead of sticking to the big stores.

"Confine yourself to the humble half-dollars, Sam."

But Mr. Skinner dreamed and brooded. The light of the creative artist was in the man's eye. For a long time he sat alone with that haunting melancholy, befitting a man with a family curse, that always lay on him like a cloak; and then he decided to go out.

At the doorway he paused and searched his pockets. Always somewhat absent-minded, he had neglected to ask his partner for money and he had run dry.

In the next room there were a few half-crowns of his own make that Mr. Twitchit had overlooked. Skinner hesitated, remembering his proverbial ill-luck. Then he decided to risk it for once.

Out in the streets he went from one public-house to another changing the home produce with a recklessness that would have horrified Mr. Twitchit. Sometimes he paid with the *change* from one of his half-dollars instead of with a new one, and gently reproached himself for his lapse.

"For three months I've been at it day and night. Here! Tell me which is which"

This absent-mindedness was due to preoccupation. He was dreaming of the pound note project as Michelangelo might have dreamed of the Sistine roof when the job was first suggested to him.

Three months later he requested Mr. Twitchit to call on him urgently. His partner observed that he was tired-looking.

"Overwork," explained Mr. Skinner curtly. "For three months I've been at it day and night. Here! Tell me which is which."

And handed over two pound notes.

His partner examined them carefully. "They're both good."

"No, one I made myself."

"This one?"

"That's the *real* one. You'd be as fitted to work in a bank as a forger."

Mr. Twitchit frowned. "Your choice of simile is hardly in the best of taste Sam. But, darn me, they're identical! Amazing!"

He gazed at the bogus note like a fascinated child spellbound before some beautiful toy.

"I can make 'em by the bagful."

"Not all as good as this, Sam! Come."

"All exactly the same."

Mr. Twitchit scratched his chin in an agony of excitement. "The point is, it's dashed risky, Sam. I'm—I'm afraid of it."

"I'm going to help you—we'll work together."

"No you won't, Sam," said his partner firmly. "Not with that luck of yours Nothing doing. You know why I haven't allowed you to take out the half-dollars You know what you are, old man."

SKINNER stood up. "Listen: either I dump these myself or we both go out of business. Don't you realise that's a work of art? I want the thrill of seeing them tucked away in a drawer before my eyes. We'll take a sackful each and clean up a pile."

"Till *you're* pinched," groaned his partner.

"I tell you they'll *never* be spotted till they do something—whatever it is—at the Mint and the Bank of England to reckon up their cash. These are masterpieces! I'm going to a pub. now to try this one," added Mr. Skinner, seizing his hat and departing alone.

He placed the two notes, original and copy, in two different waistcoat pockets. The original was carefully marked with a small blot of ink as a distinguishing mark.

He entered a public-house, mumbled "Glass of bitter, please," and carelessly tossed over his home-made note. The barman served him, rang up money on the cash register, yanked open the drawer and——

Suddenly the beer pleasantly trickling down Mr. Skinner's gullet seemed to thicken like sawdust round his epiglottis.

The barman and the landlord were examining his money.

"I'm sorry, sir, but this is a dud."

"Good heavens!" gasped Skinner in unfeigned amazement.

A customer, to whom the barman had gone over to speak, now sauntered along, glanced at the note and handed it back to the landlord.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I'm a police officer. We'll have to try to trace this money, so I don't suppose you'll mind showing me any others you've on you, if you have any more."

"Only one." Mr. Skinner's fingers went quickly to the other waistcoat pocket, his breath hissing in vast relief.

If *two* duds were found on him he was a goner, but this other was O.K. He handed it over to the detective and turned to the landlord again.

At that moment his head shot forward like a fascinated fowl's, for he saw that *the note in the publican's hand bore a small ink-blot on the back.* It was his original.

"Oh, what's the use!" he groaned aloud, realising bitterly that *he had toiled for three months making perfect copies of a bogus note!*

Portfolio Without Minister

I SAW the other day, in a report about a case, that some high-up had declared that "a certain Order had been made in the early days of the war; there doesn't seem to have been any reason for it, but it hasn't been withdrawn."

There doesn't seem to have been any reason for it!

Drafting that Order, casting it in its final form, issuing it—all this must have taken up hours of time for perhaps dozens of people. And now a high-up tells us that there doesn't seem to have been any reason for it. . . .

* * *

I wonder how many fools are officially busy in this country of ours, drawing up Orders for no reason at all and doing other even more stupid things?

When I read JOHN BULL'S "Open Letters" each week I feel sad. But when I think of the hundreds of "Open Letters" which JOHN BULL has had to write since the beginning of the war I feel suicidal.

Each "Open Letter" draws attention to a prime piece of foolishness which needn't be if we hadn't so many fools running loose.

My daughter is just home on leave from the A.T.S. For ten days. With rations for seven days. . . .

Nothing, she says, can be done about it. It's like that. Some fool has decided and the decision must stand. The Order has been made and there you are.

"There doesn't seem to have been any reason for it, but it hasn't been withdrawn."

It seems to me it's time we had a Ministry of Anti-Folly, to stop some of the idiots prancing about.

Surely there's somebody *up at the top* with sufficient interest to want stopped all the idiotic things that keep on happening and finding their way into the newspapers.

The Prime Minister—who is, for most of us, The Boss—is no doubt too busy to take on more than he has already taken on. But he is not, surely, so busy that he never hears about the idiotic things.

He must *know* that troops come home for ten days with rations for seven. And all the other bits of foolishness.

Could he not tell somebody—or even tell somebody to tell somebody—to do something? Isn't there somebody somewhere who can *begin* to reduce the number of idiots who are doing all the idiotic things?

If I were in charge of a great nation I couldn't be quite happy with the knowledge that hundreds of half-wits were doing half-witted things with official approval. If unable to do anything myself I'd want *somebody* to take the job in hand.

* * *

It's a job that badly needs doing.

I can see the time coming when anything official, from a new Order to a new form for filling-in, will be greeted with a cross between a sneer and a yawn.

Yes, the job badly needs doing. But it's not a job for a new army of fools. It's a one-man job, if ever there was one.

The portfolio's there. All we want is the Minister.

A. G.

Human Machine

A SUPREME GIFT

The Art of Living can very well be defined as the art of behaving like a human being.

"Of all the ways of behaving like a human being," wrote a psychologist, "the most convincing is to offer human sympathy. It is a crutch to aid recovery."

The danger is that we are so apt to mistake sympathy for patronage.

To be truly sympathetic you must be capable of subordinating yourself and your opinions. You must be willing to give freely and fully.

You must be really and truly interested in the problems and the trials and the sufferings of others—not merely pretend to be.

How can we tell if we are really sympathetic or if we only think we are?

Well, it's difficult; but has anyone ever leaned on you and been encouraged to go on? Only you and that other person know. But if they have, you have been blessed with one of the supreme gifts of life.

WIN THE RUBBER

NOW that 90 per cent. of the world's natural rubber resources is in enemy hands we must perform miracles of economy to conserve existing stocks.

You can help by salving every scrap of old rubber you can find: Garden hose, door-stops, tennis balls, golf balls, plimsolls, football bladders, hot-water bottles, rubber bands, toy balloons, window wedges, teapot spouts, drip mats, old tyres, sponges and bathing caps. They're just a few things.

Be thorough! Go through your own home as carefully as you have done when looking for waste paper. You will be surprised how many spare scraps of rubber can be found.

Fifty tennis balls will supply rubber for an airman's dinghy. One old teapot spout from every home in Britain would equip 1,000 bombers with tyres.

Go to it!

★ *It wasn't the hard work so much as the almost scornful contempt of many farmers that nearly broke the hearts of girls who first joined the Land Army in the early war days. Now there's scarcely a farmer who does not reckon them as useful as any man*

Land Girls Sweep Away All Doubt

By MAURICE FAGENCE

WE'RE going to be starved into surrender after four years of war!

So says Vice-Admiral Doenitz, C.-in-C. German U-boats.

We're soon going to be pretty well independent of imported foodstuffs.

So say the 44,000 girls who make up the Women's Land Army.

Believe who you like—but I plump for the girls.

They are doing marvels already.

They are producing all the food wanted by 1,750,000 people.

That, admittedly, wouldn't feed Britain's forty-odd million.

But perhaps you don't realise what a difference it has made.

Your sugar ration hasn't been cut, for all the calling up of farm labourers.

Surpluses of such vegetables as potatoes and carrots have become a music-hall joke.

A bumper fruit crop has been garnered Barns are full of good grain. You may have more milk—certainly not less. Our cattle are plentiful and well-tended.

And cheese, which was a museum exhibit twelve months ago, is still represented in the cheese-dish when the new ration arrives.

You are better fed than anybody else in Europe.

But do you know who to thank?

The uniformed Services, certainly, for keeping the enemy at a safe distance. And the Merchant Navy, which brought the agricultural machinery and everything else essential to intensified farming.

But, ten to one, you will forget those 44,000 young women, who, already providing the little bit of extra food that makes all the difference, are determined, with the help of more women, to make this island self-supporting.

Typical is Miriam Reid.

When all her school friends took up shorthand, typing and bookkeeping, Miriam sighed for the land.

Nearest she could get to it was a country doctor's house where there were a thousand non-medical duties to perform.

She was trying to get on a farm when the war broke out—and her chance had arrived.

She was sent to an agricultural college, where they asked what sort of farming she would like.

Fit as the bumper crops they help to grow, these girls are doing one of the grandest war jobs

She Nearly Cried

"Out on the fields," said Miriam, knowing only that she wanted to get away from roofs and walls.

They put her on a tractor—she who had never driven any sort of vehicle in her life.

The first day it bumped and bounced her over rough fields, and Miriam nearly cried.

For three days it gave her sickness.

Within a week—after much gritting of teeth—she was the master of that shuddering machine.

She got her first job—in Bedfordshire.

It was pitch black when Miriam went out in the morning.

She learnt to milk Rosy and Ruby and Mary, the three cows. She attended to the poultry and the sheep. She made butter; groomed horses.

She was back on a tractor.

"A grand 'man' about the farm," said the old farmer.

She was a bigger triumph than she guessed—for how was she to know that this farmer, who was now clamouring for more girls, had been dead against trying *her*?

The new girls came. They look up to her, with her superior knowledge, as a patron saint.

And, meanwhile, by hard effort, Miriam manages to put away the best part of a pound a week.

She's determined, when the war is over, to own the best farm that her modest little savings will buy.

Then there are thirty-five lassies from Yorkshire.

They are from families in which generations of women have been in the mills.

They went to the Land Army recruiting station together, in their Sunday best.

"We'll soon get rid of your pasty look," they were told. "Get your colour right and you'll look beautiful."

They Don't Care

Well, to-day their colour *is* right. And they do look beautiful.

They are clearing rough land out in Hertfordshire. It is tough work. After them will come the tractors—and easier farming.

Their 38s. a week, of which only about a pound is left after paying for lodgings and food, won't pay for many trips to town.

They don't care. Nature provides better pictures, and country school-rooms better dances.

And there's Joan Simpson, who used to be a mannequin.

The agricultural college sent her off on her first job with the blessing: "The farmer who gets you will be lucky."

But the farmer, aged sixty, and who runs a 250-acre farm in Bucks, didn't think so at first.

Astonished Farmer

"Don't know what the country's coming to," he grumbled, trying to size up a girl who still walked like a mannequin, with traces of nail varnish and "perm." still left.

Yet to-day he boasts in the local "pub" about the marvellous girl they sent him—and, knowing that Joan will never lose her love of milky hands and violent-coloured nails, actually encourages her to keep them in good condition.

Most of these girls are now excellently housed and fed.

But many of the pioneers had to put up with acute discomfort—and accepted it cheerfully.

This was particularly true of some who went into forestry, felling trees, stripping them of bark, and cutting them into pit props.

They had to taste life in the raw before they were provided with the big, homely hostels in which they are so happy to-day.

For there are no happier women in the world than these girls of the Women's Land Army.

They'll tell you, with pardonable vanity, that they think themselves that they look nicer than they used—when they sold gowns, typed letters, served in cake shops, dressed heads of hair, kept books, or bent over factory machines.

And More Wanted

And feeling they look nice, women are more than half-way to being contented.

But they are happier to think that they have worn down so many prejudices.

For farmers took to them very slowly. It was hard, at first, to find jobs for some of them.

And to-day the countryside is crying out for more and more Land Girls.

What's more, it is determined to get them.

For they mean full granaries for the farmer—and full ration books for *you*.

SACRED STRENGTH

IF Christ had not known God was present there, when Judas betrayed Him midst the clamouring throng, He would have lost the World its Faith of Heart and left the blood-soaked thorn, the scourge, the thong. He would have given up the Sacred Strength, which is Heaven-sent wherever suffering reigns. He would have Lost All Heaven for this World and made it a Land of Mocking Empty Gains.

IF Christ had not seen God beyond the Cross, He would have left this World no Guiding Light, and lost the Glory of all Sacrifice, the soul resigned beneath the Body's plight. He would have proved that Force could conquer all, and that this Life was purposeless and brief. If Christ had not seen God when crucified, the World would have been lost in Disbelief.

IF Christ had not heard God above the crowd, which roared, and jeered in anger, and blasphemed. He would have given up the Hope of Heaven and Life's Salvation which His Son had Dreamed. He would have made an earthly Armistice and lost Eternity in one cruel Hour. He would have held the broken stem of Life, and Lost for Ever the Eternal Flower. J. M.

VOICE

OUR army in India is growing rapidly—and so therefore is the number of homes in Britain which awaits news from that colourful and steamy battlefront.

Some of the young soldiers there are already well-seasoned. Thus, twenty-one-year-old Driver W. Sheppard tells of heavy fighting in a letter to his parents at Benares Road, London, S.E.18:

When we went into action on the Chindwin River, our job was to hold the line near a small village. The Japs made repeated attacks, and several times my old Bren gun got red hot and I had to cease fire for it to cool off.

This was my first experience of real warfare, and when the enemy got really started I felt a bit jittery. But the steady chatter of the Brens and the almost non-stop crack of our rifles soon reassured me, and I soon settled down to the thrills and dangers of battle.

We had no real defence against bombing, and as the daylight turned to dusk we knew we had to move back.

If only we had had one squadron of Spitfires to support us things may well have been different.

About 3 a.m. one day heavy fighting broke out to our right, where the Gurkhas were in action. They were wonderful fighters, but the odds were against them.

During the night the Japs had worked to the rear of their positions, with the result that the Gurkhas were now being attacked from the front and the rear.

In spite of that they held on until we moved back.

There was some grisly hand-to-hand fighting. Then we had orders to make our way back to the frontier the best way we could.

After pushing through the jungle for many days, a journey in which we lost some of our pals, we eventually reached India—and hospital.

Donald was in for a head wound and I for exhaustion, exposure and a touch of malaria.

Hospital seemed like heaven. Now I am fit and none the worse for a hectic time. But we still have a score to settle with those —— traitors in Burma.

FORTNIGHT IN INDIA

Torpedoed on the voyage out, A.C.2/L. Wood, R.A.F., tells the news in a letter to his mother at Bracken Road, Sheffield, 5:

I have no kit at all, having lost it on our boat, which was torpedoed at ——. We were on rafts for three days and three nights, and it was not too comfortable. Blazing hot by day and cold rain at night.

A Sunderland flying boat spotted us on the third day and signalled that she would fetch help the next morning; but we sighted a merchantman, which picked us up and landed us at ——, where we were issued with a few clothes and things. We had a lovely two weeks before completing our journey.

As for India—it is very hot, and the people carry everything on their heads and ride about in bullock carts.

I saw a wedding the other night. The bride was not more than twelve, but the bridegroom was about three times her age.

They were driven by in an ancient carriage led by a band playing the queerest music I've ever heard. Then followed the whole of the village singing and dancing.

For three days this "do" lasted, and I believe a good time was had by all—

OF THE TROOPS

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

except the bridegroom, who looked a trifle "browned-off" towards the end.

At night we go round the bazaars and visit the canteen, where I drink a hell of a lot of "pop." This chiefly because the beer is so dear!

BLACK MAGIC

The eerie Indian night is the background to a letter from Bombardier J. Balloch, R.A., to his wife at Bothwell Street, Edinburgh:

I'm on night duty. The jackals have set up a weird howling and the noise is terrific.

A native told me that the best way to stop the din is to take off your boots and place them with the heels towards the noise. The jackals then pipe down immediately.

Yes, it sound daft and black-magical, but my informant assured me that it worked like a charm.

Well, I tried it. But the jackals could not have seen me put the boots in position, because they howled worse than ever.

HOTTEST JOURNEY EVER

Now from Bombay to the North-West Frontier, where L./Cpl. W. T. Fullstone has arrived after many days of railway travel. He writes to friends at Heber Street, Bristol, 5:

It has taken us a week and we have travelled by train about two thousand miles across India.

The last part of our journey was on what is known on the Frontier as the "Heat-stroke Express." It is like a toy railway that you see at some of our seaside resorts at home.

The carriages only hold eight normally, but we had to squeeze in ten, and it was the hottest journey ever.

I have not heard a bit about the war since we left . . . but I hope we are winning.

Funny, isn't it? When I got into khaki I thought I was going to fight Jerry; instead, I'm up here on the Frontier fighting rebel tribesmen who don't seem to like us much, as they snipe at us by day and night.

NOTHING BUT BEGGARS

L./C. E. R. Jones writes to his wife at Benson Gardens, Leeds, telling of life in Bombay:

I like watching the shoemakers, bookbinders and other craftsmen at work in the shops where there are no windows. One of our fellows bought a pair of hand-made shoes for six rupees (8s.).

But it's no fun dealing with the beggars who come out in swarms at nightfall. Men and women, carrying babies only a few weeks old, pester you for annas.

Then a youngster of eight or nine whines for money; in the light of a flashlamp he displays the amputated stump of a leg or arm.

Other deformed humans crawl like monkeys at your feet.

Besides all these, we have wallahs who come round our barracks plying their trade through the windows and trying to sell us anything from a needle to a haystack.

There is the fruit wallah; the char (tea) wallah; the bloke who cuts corns; another who sharpens knives and scissors—in fact, there is a whole gang of them.

Altogether, we can't complain that we are not seeing life.

NOT NICE

Next comes a long letter from the matron of a military hospital to a friend at Llandudno:

This is a huge nospital; it takes me three hours just to go round. I have a whole suite—sitting-room, bedroom, dressing-room and bathroom; the first two have electric fans.

But I find rats running about in the bathroom, and snakes appear in the most unexpected places. Sometimes they come up the bath plug-hole.

Black ants like small beetles are everywhere, and I killed three snakes on the verandah.

It has been so hot—110 degrees—that we sleep out on the verandah, but I don't like it! There are too many queer things that rush about in the darkness, and stare out of the bushes. I was always a bit afraid of the dark, anyway.

We get pariah dogs, and a few jackals from the hills, with crickets joining in the nightly chorus.

Lizards are all over the walls of your room, but they are nice little things and are supposed to be lucky. I'm not so keen on armadilloes, but they only come in by mistake and soon run away.

It's snakes and scorpions that I hate. They are NOT NICE.

GRAND FIGHTERS

Finally, a sapper tells friends at Hull of his meeting with the Sikhs:

I wish you could see them with their long hair and beards.

When off duty they wear white gowns like Gandhi, and let their hair hang down. It reaches half-way down their backs, and our lads were puzzled at first, thinking they were women.

These grand fighters never cut it because of some religious decree. They spend a great deal of their spare time brushing and oiling their locks, and are quite proud of their big, curly moustaches.

When they are in battle order, their long hair is done up in a bun under their helmets!

Lady Mac-Robert, whose three sons have been killed, is a shining example to all mothers

HUMANIST FACES WAR'S MOST BITTER PROBLEM

A READER has asked my opinion about one of the most controversial subjects in the world, and I give it with the full knowledge that many people will disagree.

"How often we hear of the death of an estimable young man, killed in the war," *he writes*, "when a good-for-nothing escapes without a scratch! I know the case of a widow's only son which makes one wonder about Providence.

"The mother used to pray every night for his safety, but she has just received news of his being killed in action. Can one blame her if she ceases to believe in prayer? He was all she had, and no better or God-fearing boy ever lived.

"His one thought was for his mother. But we see crowds of men about who wouldn't be missed if they were taken, or at least they would be missed for the better.

"Can you explain this problem, Humanist? It is quite beyond me."

We have all met this problem in some form or other. I think of a good woman whose faith in prayer was so absolute that she was certain her son would be spared; yet he died in the Battle of Britain.

I thought it would shake her faith; but it did not. She told me that her prayers had been selfish and that since God required the sacrifice of her boy she would not murmur.

We know that a bullet moves in strict accordance with mechanical laws dependent upon initial velocity, gravitation, air resistance, wind direction, etc. If a human being stands in its path he is struck down, whether he be a saint or a sinner.

It is unthinkable that it should swerve to miss one man and "get" another. The hazards of war are the same for all. It would be grossly unfair if it were otherwise.

A horrible disease like cancer does not spare the good man or woman and fasten upon those who are less good. It is no respecter of persons.

Here is another letter from a man about his neighbour—a good and worthy man whose strange behaviour is causing him grave concern.

"He fought with gallantry through the last war," *he says*, "and won the Military Medal. Before the present war started he was affable and friendly, but he has become pale and worn, growing grey quickly, and avoiding his old friends.

"The reason is that his two boys are serving with the Forces out East, and the father has an obsession that they will never return.

"Nothing can shake this conviction.

"To crown all, some of his former companions are beginning to think there is truth in what he says.

"This melancholia simply must be driven out, or heaven knows what may happen to him. A few words in your columns may help others who have the same fear."

One has to face the facts. One or both of the boys may never return from the war, but I cannot believe that their fate is pre-destined.

The father's fear is deep and unreasoned: it is useless, therefore, arguing about it. He has a feeling of certainty about the issue.

But these feelings, premonitions, intuitions (call them what you will) originate in the father's own mind and they are not put there by either Providence or Fate. They are wrong quite as often as they are right.

I am sure that scores of readers, especially women readers, have had premonitions of disaster that have proved to be false. It would be interesting to hear about them.

★ Every week Humanist tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

NOW for a less serious subject.

"Most people possess some peculiar habit," *writes another reader*, "such as touching every lamp-post they pass or avoiding stepping on the cracks between paving-stones.

"Mine is something tha. wastes a lot of time and is altogether inexplicable. I count the total number of letters in a group of words!

"I cannot cure myself of this foolish habit, and I should be glad if you could suggest some simple subterfuge which would help me to get rid of it."

We all have these odd tricks of mind, as the writer says.

When I was a boy I used to "tot up" the numbers of the hymns displayed on the board in church, and if the total divided exactly by nine I felt satisfied! It was fortunate that I did not become a banker or an accountant.

No doubt there is an explanation of these mental oddities, but it would take a psychologist a long time to track them down.

Some people count their steps while they are walking. Others feel they must put the left shoe on before the right. In fact, one reader assures me that this prevents rheumatism!

As for the particular problem of counting letters in words I think a course of training in concentration might be effective.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

Friend of mine employed as a clerk at an employment exchange, where they work overtime every night, has been told to "make the job last." Time wasting is encouraged to justify overtime.—H. B., Bedford.

★ ★ ★

The Commandos get, and deserve, the highest praise, but surely the Engineers who precede and prepare the way for them are entitled to a word of praise.—J. C. Carless, Newport.

★ ★ ★

This week, a man, woman and boy toured our village with a very large car and trailer packed with carpets which they were "touting" from door to door for customers; yet shops in the district which sell those materials (or did so) are without. Why the waste of petrol and bad allocation? —Gerald Downer, Blidworth, Mansfield, Notts.

Kindly disposed persons in a Lincolnshire village have placed at the nearest railway station two cycles for the use of Servicemen who arrive after the last 'bus has gone. The bikes are always returned. A good idea worth copying.—"Cyclist," Union Road, Lincoln.

★ ★ ★

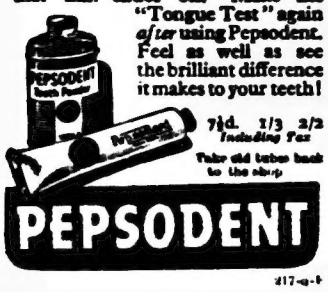
A derelict wood has in past years provided cottagers with a plentiful harvest of blackberries. This year the Forestry Commission has invoked the Trespass Law. So the blackberries are rotting and scores of people are denied a cheap, but valuable, food.—T. Wadsworth, Newark.

★ ★ ★

My husband works eighty-four hours a week as night-watchman at a munition works, yet he has received several notifications reminding him that he is liable for fire-watching duty. My mother, aged seventy-five, has also received a similar notice!—S. A. Smart, Newbold Road, Rugby.

Make the "TONGUE TEST" *after* as well as *before*

If you feel a filmy coating on your teeth when you run the tip of your tongue over them, change to Pepsodent right away. Film collects stains, breeds decay, makes teeth dingy. Irium—the new super-cleanser in Pepsodent—flushes film away and keeps it away by polishing teeth so shiny-smooth that film slides off. Make the "Tongue Test" again *after* using Pepsodent. Feel as well as see the brilliant difference it makes to your teeth!



7½d. 1/3 2/2 *Including Tax*

Take old tubes back to the shop

PEPSODENT

217-q-1

Make more use of your RUDGE —and so give the war effort that little extra "helping hand"

RUDGE IS BRITAIN'S BEST BICYCLE

IF YOU WANT TO KEEP *Youthful and Vital*

YOU too, will look and feel years younger, when you've been taking Bile Beans regularly for a time.

Bright eyes, clear complexion and a slender figure, all come from that perfect "inner health" which Bile Beans bring. These fine vegetable pills improve the blood, tone up the digestion, and ensure regular elimination of food wastes and other impurities.

So remember—if you want to keep fit, youthful and vital—

Just Remember

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CHILDREN'S POWDERS

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WRITE: Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I. of W., for copy of 'EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK,' *post free*

BORWICK'S

BAKING POWDER

Makes light of cooking

The Best in the World

LAST LAUGH

F. L. (Nuneaton).—"I have received a summons for travelling with a season ticket three days out of date." We suppose it will be no good pleading that the train was late?

A. N. (Norwich). — "A man's character and innermost thoughts can be told by his handwriting." That's probably why Hitler and Mussolini started dictating.

C. T. (Sheffield).—"A German propagandist said that the sweet ration in this country was increased to keep the people quiet." Apparently he has never sat in a kinema next to a small boy crunching peppermint rock.

C. L. (Manchester).—"During our last route march I was sick of hearing the sergeant shouting, 'Pick up that step.'" You already had enough to carry?

G. M. (Lancham).—"My wife has decided to divorce me on the grounds that I have only smiled once since we got married." And that was when she told you of her decision?

G. G. (Hull).—"My uncle is very rich but he won't part with a penny." He is not only well-to-do, but hard to do, eh?

H. R. (Dundee).—"What is your opinion of the phraseology used in income tax papers?" Please send stamped, addressed envelope for reply

TAILOR (Ayr).—"When at a dance I met a man who had owed me £8 for three years. I made him hand over the money there and then." He was caught on the hop.

B. M. (Leeds).—"As a dentist I escape a lot of Army routine." Being already proficient in drilling.

D. R. (Nottingham).—"Ambition doesn't worry me; I am quite satisfied with my lot." (See letter below.)

MRS. R. (Nottingham).—"Since I came into a fortune some years ago my husband hasn't done a stroke of work." (See letter above.)

GERT (Hove).—"Love is a solvent." And a lover, as a rule, isn't.

B. B. (Bradford).—"When my wife sings I have to go outside." To prove to the neighbours you are not beating her?

G. G. (Exeter).—"In my flat I have at the moment the biggest mushroom ever seen in Devon, I guess." Isn't it fortunate that you have a decent-sized flat?

UNDERGRAD (Oxford).—"I had a parrot, but there was something about it I could not stand." We know—its accent.

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICANS

"I'll make it sir! We'll be in Ballyhoohey in ten minutes."

S. D. (Lewes).—"With a good woman a man can always live down his past." If he concentrates on the present.

S. N. (Epping).—"A long nose is generally handed down from father to son." That is so. Especially among elephants.

D. N. V. (Epsom).—"I have difficulty in seeing some of your jokes in this column." Sorry. But paper restrictions make it impossible for us to print them in larger type.

Side-Slips

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST.—"He FRIED several shots."

DAILY MAIL.—"A proportion of all LIFEBELTS must also carry radio masts, and transmitting and receiving equipment. . . ."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS.—"Her FEATHER and mother were show people. . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

● The father of this little boy is a Flight Mechanic in the R.A.F. and is now in hospital with a bent spine and partially paralysed leg.

His wife and two little sons have been bombed out of their home. Another baby is shortly expected, and the mother is extremely worried how to meet her bills over this difficult time, as all the money she has left after paying rent, insurance and clubs is £1 0s. 2d. to feed the family and pay her fares to the hospital to visit her husband.

The children are continually ailing, and this unfortunate woman is woefully harassed at a time when her daily life should be one of peace and tranquillity.

Will you send something so that this young woman's load of care may be lightened?

Donations earmarked "George," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Result of "BULLETS" 1,341

FIRST PRIZE £50

G. Cameron, 11, Sea View, Netley Abbey, Southampton, for this "Bullet."

AN OLD FRIEND WE MUST "CUT", FIRE

£20 : W. Swainston, 12, Montrose St., Saltburn-by-Sea.

Union Britain Plane—Date Returning With "Dove."

£10 : Mrs. F. Locke, The Caravan, Grovesend, Thornbury, Bristol.

Tommy's Pay—Still Below Other "Rat-catcher's"!

£5 : A. Booth, 19, Barry Lane, Longridge, Lancs. Our Safety—In Numbers? In "*Oneness*"!

£4 : Pte. G. Brown, 91, Chester Rd., Northwich, Ches.

An Old Friend—I've Not "Walking," Health.

£3 : W. Brant, 23, Carrington Rd., Slough.

What The Nazis Do—Take Everything—Except Fifty.

£2 : E. Hawley, 61, St. George's Rd., Barnsley. Full-time Job—Watching Clock *And* Foreman!

20s. : J. S. Evans, 30a, Taff St., Pontypridd.

An Old Friend—Economy—Dad *Was* Unemployed!

20s. : N. J. Pinlock, 96, Hartley Down, Purley. In The Depths—Only Hain's *Foundations*.

24s. : Mrs. E. Brayshaw, 76, Healey Wood Rd., Burnley.

Knock-out Blow—"I Won't Fight, Dad!"

20s. : F. Byers, 58, Longford St., Middlesbrough.

Tommy's Pay—*And* Jack's, Half Sam's!

20s. : W. D. Cameron, 13, Second Ave., Clayton, Manchester.

Dad's Been Called Up, So—Somewhere In—Some Inn!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

£100 WON OUTRIGHT IN XWORD 293

WINNING WORDS: 1. Tree. 2. Sheep. 3. Fed. 4. Hole. 5. Wear. 6. Wire. 7. Bell. 8. Hair. 9. Grant. 10. Will. 11. Dogs. 12. Hit. 13. Week. 14. Lime.

Winner of £100:—Mrs. W. Brown, Hamilton, Winnersh, Wokingham.

Awards value £25 shared between 29 Runners-up.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £340

Guns - or grumbles?

Out of the pits come hundreds of tons of coal each day: fuel for the Battle of Fuel. Plenty for all in peace time. But *now*, there are a thousand new factories burning coal.

Which shall it be—the roaring fire at home or the hum of production in those factories?

What do I do?

I work out my "target" allowance and budget my consumption of fuel.

I bear in mind that a two gallon bucket holds about 12 lbs. of coal or 8 lbs. of coke.

I read my gas and electricity meters, and measure my coal and coke, and I keep a weekly record of the fuel I use.

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KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

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"I should be lacking in gratitude if I did not write and tell you what a godsend Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets have been to me. Two tablets gave me immediate relief from Heartburn. I had tried almost everything advised for my complaint, but only Moorland gave relief."

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THERE'S CASH IN COMPETITIONS - CASH IN!

PRIZES VALUE OVER **£125** for 1 WEEK X-WORD

£100 1st PRIZE (GUARANTEED UP PRIZES VALUE £25

For result of Xword No. 293, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study Clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry Column.	5P Entry-fee for 1 Col.						5P	5P	5P
RHYTHM OFTEN PLAYS BIG PART IN		M	A		C	H			
IT'S OFTEN DESIRABLE THAT COLOURS SHOULD BE TRUE WITH SPEED			A		D	E	D		
HOUSEKEEPER IS VERY FREQUENTLY CALLED UPON TO STOP DOOR A DRAFT	C	O	R		E	R			
YOU SEE SOME HORSES AT THEIR BEST AFTER THEY'VE BEEN		B	O		B	E	D		
IT'S ANNOYING WHEN TIME LASTS TOO LONG					A	C	K		
SCALY, LOVELY ONE SHOULD TOW UP		J	I						
FARMER USUALLY CALLS ON EXPERT TO ASSIST HIM WITH THIS	C	A	L		I	N	G		
PROSPERITY OF SOME THINGS DEPENDED GOOD BUT ON EMPTYING GOOD		W	A		E	S			
ONE MAY FOAM AT THE MOUTH			R		V	E	R		
SOMEBODY'S ASKING FOR PRISON IF ENTRY'S THIS	F	O	R		E	D			
ASSOCIATED IN MANY MINDS WITH ASHES		B	O		L	E	R		
UNDERMINED PERSON MAY PAY DEARLY FOR REALISING					E	A	R		
NO ONE LIKES TO BE CALLED THIS		M	U						
RED, ROUGH HANDS MAY BE DUE TO	C	H	A		I	N	G		

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Oct. 24.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No..... MONDAY, OCT. 12

Signed .....

Address.....

297

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

ADDRESS ENTRY

With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—see entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated October 31, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

PRIZES VALUE OVER **£200** for BULLETS

FIRST PRIZE **£50** FOR 2, 3, 4 WORDS

£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/- 20 at 10/-

50 at 2/6 etc. 1,000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES" To make a *Bullet* simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below.

BRITAIN'S TARGET
MARCHING TO VICTORY
WHAT'S AHEAD
LIGHT OF LIBERTY
MOTHER WISHES
ON THE LARDER FRONT
OUR COUNCIL
DON'T FORGET
TOMMY ATKINS
HASTILY
SHOWS HE'S SOFT

BULLETS 1,341 RESULT appears on page 14

PUTTING IT ON
NOW DAD'S THE FOREMAN
ENJOYING THE FUN
MAKES US THINK
SHOCK FOR THE M.P.
TWADDLE
WOMAN OF TO-MORROW
IN A QUIET CORNER
GRANDPA'S GETTING ON, BUT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word in the position indicated by dotted line.

WHEN THE ..... STOPPED
WON'T BE .....
NICE BIT OF .....
IF WE CAN .....
DOING .....
READY FOR THE .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated October 24.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
Closing Postmark Monday, Oct. 12. 1,345

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,345—or Xword No. 297, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

For protection against dangers arising from vitamin deficiencies in diet, add Yestamin Vitamin Yeast to your daily fare at all mealtimes. Even vegetables and fruits contain very little—and fats and oils none at all—of the Vitamin B2 which is essential to health, and of which Yeast is the richest known source. Yestamin, which is pure dried yeast and entirely free from drugs, is a Protective, Health-giving, Strengthening Food for Body and Nerves and its action on other foods when taken at mealtimes greatly increases their power to do you good. Yestamin restores spent Energy, gives Strong Nerves, overcomes Fatigue, Constipation, Indigestion and other common ailments. Start taking Yestamin NOW!—It will cost you only a penny a day.

The English Grains Co. Ltd. Burton-on-Trent.

Of all Chemists:—
100 for 1/3.
200 for 3/3.

YESTAMIN
VITAMIN YEAST TABLETS

To relieve skin irritations

The instant Cuticura Ointment touches the skin all itching and irritation stop. Its sanitised antiseptic action instantly kills infection germs and prevents blood poisoning. For scrib, clean healing of eruptions, rashes and skin injuries Cuticura is unrivalled.

Cuticura
OINTMENT

Little Joan Caught a Cold . . . and then

Little Joan caught a cold at school and gave it to her Sister Mary. She passed it on to Mummy and then Daddy got it too. Well, here is a recipe for a medicine that will help to prevent coughs and colds running right through the family. These are the directions. Heat half a pint of water to which you add one ounce of Parmint (Double Strength), which is made up from ten of the most healing and soothing ingredients. You may sweeten the mixture to your own taste with any one of the following: A little sugar, or syrup or juice from jam or tinned fruit. The children simply love this mixture. Take one tablespoonful four times a day. For children use a teaspoon. You can get a 1 oz. bottle of Parmint (double-strength) at any good chemist. Cut out this recipe so as not to forget the ingredients and dosage.

RELIEVE YOUR HEAD!

QUICKEST!—& SAFEST!!

Phensic is very rapidly absorbed by the system. It can therefore quickly exert its pain-relieving power. Apart from this immediate relief the general effect of Phensic is to strengthen and refresh both body and mind. Ask for Phensic to-day! *Prices: 1/4, 3/3 including Purchase Tax.*

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-SIK' DOESN'T HARM THE HEART

"I'LL DOUBLE YOUR ENERGY"

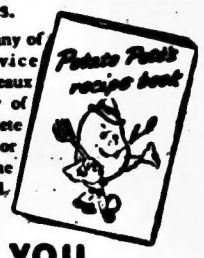
says Potato Pete

Potatoes are the *energy* food—they give you extra strength to carry on your war-time job. They are also what the doctors call a *protective* food. They are *cheap* and easy to cook. And they can take the place of bread and save shipping space. How about potato scones for Sunday tea or Champ for the children's dinner? Here's one recipe below.

POTATO SCONES

Cooking time: 15 minutes. *Ingredients:* 6 oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 level teaspoons baking powder, 4 oz. mashed potato, 1 oz. fat, 4-5 tablespoons milk. *Quantity:* For four people. *Method:* Mix the flour, salt and baking powder into a basin. Rub the fat in with the tips of the fingers, add the well-mashed potato and blend into a soft dough with the milk. Roll out to ½ in. thickness, cut into small rounds and glaze the tops with milk. Bake on greased or floured baking sheets in a hot oven for 15 minutes.

FREE—ask at any of the Food Advice Centres or Bureaux for a free copy of the Potato Pete Recipe Booklet, or write direct to the Ministry of Food, London, W.1.



POTATOES KEEP YOU *FIGHTING* FIT

P.3

Oh, My Back!

A Sudden Pain often indicates Kidney Trouble

SAFEGUARD YOUR KIDNEYS

when you are worried or overworked or are convalescing from a cold, chill or fever. Your blood filters have a heavy task to perform and it is not surprising that at such times they often become congested and fail to work properly. You may feel worn out, head dizzy and aching, or you may be subject to such symptoms as

Backache, Inflamed Muscles and Joints, Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, Urinary and Bladder Trouble, Disturbed Nights and Gravel.

Take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. This modern medicine will stimulate sluggish kidneys to flush out excess uric acid and other poisons. The early use of Doan's Pills may save you weeks of needless discomfort.

1/5, 3/5 (inc. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

Introducing "STARRY WAY"

the next best thing to "MILKY WAY"

There will be no more "Milky Way"—the big value candy bar—until *all* the good things it used to be made of are once again obtainable. Instead, we have decided to do the next best thing: replace it with a bar made from the finest materials available to-day, *including separated milk.* This new bar is called "Starry Way". Like "Milky Way", it is a *big value candy bar*—chockful of flavour and goodness. If you want value for money—not only in size but in delicious nourishment—you'll buy "Starry Way" whenever you can.

THE BIG VALUE CANDY BAR **1½D**

BIG ENOUGH TO LAST YOU A LONG TIME IF YOU CUT IT UP INTO SLICES

2 BARS FOR 1 COUPON

THIS IS THE 2ND WEEK OF RATIONING PERIOD NO. 3

Made by Mars Confections Ltd., Slough

RHEUMATISM

Those racking spasms of agony in limbs and joints—there is nothing like Sloans Liniment to give you lasting relief. Just apply a few drops to the throbbing muscles—the tingling, comforting warmth of Sloans soon drives away the crippling pain. Sloans effectively breaks up all congestion, and limbs can be freely moved without pain. Let Sloans end **your** suffering!

Just as good for **lumbago, neuritis, sciatica and cramp.**

All Chemists and Stores sell Sloans.

Not a twinge now!

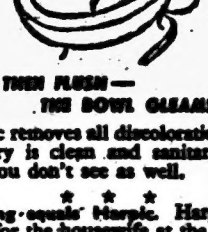
SLOANS *Liniment* KILLS PAIN

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

HARPIC cleans the lavatory *easily*

1 SPRINKLE IN HARPIC AND LEAVE AS LONG AS POSSIBLE

Its thorough cleansing action reaches right into the S-bend at the back.



2 THEN FLUSH—THE BOWL GLEAMS WHITE

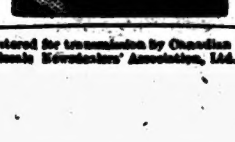
Harpic removes all discoloration. The lavatory is clean and sanitary—the part you don't see as well.

★ ★ ★

Nothing equals Harpic. Harpic is a boon for the housewife at the present time. It cleans the pan thoroughly, disinfects and deodorizes too. Just sprinkle in and *leave.* Last thing at night is a good time to use Harpic.

"Rush hour duties" won't spoil that Schoolgirl Complexion

You'll find that "rush" hours aren't so bad if you have a refreshing Palmolive bath before you start out or as soon as you get home. The rich, velvety, olive-oil lather of Palmolive cleanses, soothes and beautifies. Use Palmolive every time you wash, every time you bath, and so ensure that now, and when Peace comes, you are "schoolgirl complexion" all over.



PALMOLIVE

3½d. *including Tax*

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